

## Jonathan at home

JONATHAN AT HOME.

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JONATHAN AT HOME: OR, A Stray Shot at the Yankees.

BY CAPT. HORATIO PETTUS. BATCHELER ( *Late 73rd Regiment* ).

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TO THE REV. T. J. BATCHELER, B.D. THIS WORK INSCRIBED, BY HIS  
AFFECTIONATE SON, THE AUTHOR.

### PREFACE.

"The cheerful breeze sets fair; we fill our sail, And scud before it: when the critic starts,  
And angrily unties his bags of wind, Then we lay-to, and let the blast go by."

Hurdis.

When a man writes a book, he makes himself, as it were, a sort of literary target for critics to aim their barbed bolts of sarcasm at: I am prepared for the attack, and, like an unresisting martyr, lay my breast bare to the stray shots of my foes, and say, "Fire!"

A man might as well expect to swim across the Straits of Malacca, unmolested by the sharks, as write a book and escape the venom of hostile critics.

But, reader, I would say a word to you before you commence your task of wading through my writings. The following pages were originally written without intention of publication; and it is only the intense interest generally felt with regard to America at the present moment, that induces me to lay the notes of my travels before you.

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Before you criticise my efforts to interest and amuse you, remember that I have devoted myself to Mars rather than Minerva, and that I have been more accustomed to wield the sword than the pen.

With this plea for your leniency, I put myself in your hands—cheerfully and hopefully.

## **A STRAY SHOT AT THE YANKEES.**

### **CHAPTER I.**

The Cunard steamer *China* left England for New York on the 24th of October, 1863. Suffering much at the time from lowness of spirits, I was but ill-prepared for the severe passage in store for me. Though often before buried for days and weeks in the bowels of a ship, and crammed up in very small spaces, still, I must confess, I was never in my life stowed away with so little regard to my dimensions and respiration as in the steamer of B 2 the aforesaid celebrated line. Fortunately, my fellow-passengers were few; for had there been many of the same slow vegetable type, I should certainly not have survived long enough to speak of my distresses. To be sure, there were two or three who did recall by association some of our quiet elegances in Old England, and who contrasted pleasantly with the alternately sleeping and eating majority; but these were glaring exceptions, and did not go far to falsify the rule.

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Entering my cabin, I gaze around at what it contains, and sadly conclude myself “monarch of all I survey.” The pantaloons, coats, and hats are hanging on pegs, and seem painfully disproportioned to the size of the room—room shall I call it? scarcely spacious enough for the healthy accommodation of Commodore Nutt, or General Tom Thumb. That a full-grown member of the human race could pass twelve hours of each mortal day in such a crib, would seem an absolute impossibility. 3 sibility to anybody uninitiated in the miseries of a migratory existence. When first shut up in this marine prison, I was forcibly reminded of the habitation of Van Amburgh's lions and tigers; but there was this difference between my situation and that of the noble brutes— that, whereas the latter had space to foam and fret, I was compelled to remain in a state of indignant quietude, being forewarned of the danger of actively expressing my feelings by the suspicious proximity of the roof to my head. Over this latter important part of my person was suspended a life-buoy, with which each cabin was thoughtfully provided. When regarding this with the fixedness with which you must view objects set above you when lying on the flat of your back, it seemed to convey to my mind an impression directly the contrary that intended; and instead of being regarded as a safeguard against the dangers of the treacherous waters, it became a constant remembrancer of the imminent B2 4 perils of the deep. Indeed, for my part, I never looked at it but I thought of the leaks, and fires, and collisions, and the like; and I must confess my dreams were fraught with such pictures.

How soon shall I forget (or, indeed, is it in human nature ever to forget?) what I underwent from my head-foremost plunges against the door, and my vain and agonising endeavours to lay hold upon something to steady me—endeavours which proved always as delusive as my efforts to make a manly stand before the toilet. If anything could add to the horror of these moments, it was the continued interruptions of the steward, who shot in and out without word or warning, leaving-invariably a greasy smell behind him. To account for these numerous visits would be a task beyond my comprehension indeed. He seemed often not to comprehend his object himself; for, unless to peer into my mahogany trough, and scan my soap and tooth-powder, 5 he did nothing to excuse his pertinacity in eternally

breaking my repose. I remember, on the morning of the first day at sea, his knocking me almost prostrate with a stroke of the door on the flat of my back, and his then running forward to explain my fall by the rolling of the ship, rather than his confounded stupidity. But with all this, though he never let me rest, I must say he was a goodnatured, obliging fellow, and I thought what he did was not much calculated to set a fellow at enmity with him. Were I disposed to look more narrowly into his conduct, I should imagine he supposed me and the rest of my fellow-sufferers committed to his charge, and on no account justified in thinking for ourselves, or moving about without his sanction and approval. And I should not have been surprised in the least had I heard him at any time insinuate a key into the lock of my door, and tell me from the other side I was not to stir until further notice.

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Perhaps I might not have spoken so much about this humble individual, or so hardly either, but that the cabin which he recommended to me, and which I took upon his recommendation, was close to the screw—a fact which I overlooked at the time, but had good reason to remember afterwards. The perpetual thundering of the engine—devouring its way through the water, ding-dong, up and down, like a monster chopping-machine—so frightfully affected my hearing, as to leave my ears of but little use for a long time after I had escaped from the steam and confusion. With this din, and crash, and rolling of the ship in heavy weather, when occasionally as she shipped seas the troubled waters seemed about to close over her for ever, you may be sure I enjoyed very little rest during my passage, and was glad indeed when it came to a close, and I joyfully touched, once more, the bountiful earth.

Before I quit the subject of my voyage 7 out, I must bear my testimony to the liberal and satisfactory arrangements of the culinary department; and promise to all who may travel by the same line good fare and no stint.

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On the 4th of November, 1863, all my troubles were suspended (not ended, as will be seen before the close of this volume), and I jumped on shore, throbbing for the sweet healthy embrace of a bath—a luxury not thought of, much less provided, by the outfitters of the *China*. My friend, a brother officer, who accompanied me out on his way to Nassau, likewise much needed this restorative; for though he had not thought of himself throughout, but had devoted himself entirely to the service of the ladies, he was yet tossed enough when we landed, and looked as though he required no small amount of attention, for a while, himself.

### CHAPTER II.

In breaking suddenly upon the subject of New York, I must offer one remark, and that is, that any comments which I may make to its disadvantage, or that of its inhabitants, are by no means suggested by prejudice, nor result from an inability to appreciate the many striking and noble features which the place and the people possess.

New York, as all know, the chief commercial emporium of the New World, is situated on Manhattan Island, at the head of New York Bay, and about 18 miles from the Atlantic, in whose waters I had experienced such pains and dangers. The island is 9 13½ miles in extent, and 2½ in breadth—about 4—miles of it, occupied by New York, being very densely inhabited. Three-quarters of a million of people live in the city, besides a large number who reside in the suburbs, which are connected with the city by numerous ferries.

New York always seems full of bustle, excitement, liveliness, and amusement. At present, wherever you turn, you see cripples and worn-out looking soldiers from the war. There are no other signs or tokens of the dreadful struggle going on, excepting the numbers of people to be seen in mourning. I certainly think two-thirds of those whom I beheld wore the trappings of woe. Pretty widows, aged mothers, and pale-faced interesting sisters are to be noticed every hour gliding silently by, bowed down by their weight of grief, but evidently the objects of little pity or remark, however sad their histories may have been.

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Such dire narrations 10 are now too often heard to awaken either sympathy or interest. Mothers, wives, sisters, you all have my pity! Yet I wonder you do not rise in a mass and endeavour to stay the bloody struggle which I know can never accomplish its object, even if the Southern armies be subdued, so intense is their hatred of the Northerners. The Southerners are far too plucky to surrender to the Yankee invaders of their soil. But few would have urged the prosecution of this war had they foreseen the cost of the undertaking.

In New York, though adjacent to the sea, singularly enough there are no sea-baths to be had. I cannot see what should prevent arrangements being made by means of which these luxuries might be brought within the reach of the citizens. I suppose the Americans, in their hurry through life, can't find time to consider it. To be sure, steamers run up and down the Sound, close by, to several pretty bathing spots, from ten to twenty miles 11 distant, but these places cannot afford such a bath as a New Yorker would desire before breakfast during the hot season. Again, there is Long Branch, on the Sound, rather fashionable and gay; but the charges for accommodation here are extremely dear, and, like Margate in August, the place is always crammed. New Port, the Ramsgate of New York, is probably one of the best and most select. Lastly comes Saratoga. You can really see life there, on a large and varied scale. It is the Brighton of American watering-places, whither flock people of all classes, and from every quarter. Here the luxurious inhabitants of the extreme South, and Yankees from the far North, used to meet in times of peace and plenty, and the amount of wealth then displayed was unbounded.

The women here are incomparably beautiful, but, God bless them, they don't last. Five years of married life give an appearance 12 of age to the prettiest of them. In instituting a comparison, I would say the southern ladies have the advantage of the northern in regularity of feature, and there is something in their *tout ensemble* which one cannot easily define. But it is only the hypercritical who would pursue such a comparison, as in truth some of the northern women are unrivalled in the infinite variety of their charms. They are

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delicate-looking, but I confess having a *penchant* for such; your robust ones are not after my taste.

American ladies seldom paint in oils, nor are they lovers of poetry, as are the fair ones of our sea-girt isle. In music they are not so deficient; and as a rule I believe they possess more school knowledge than our English ladies, though second to them in that taste and feeling which might be expected as a result. But I think the horrid climate is the origin of this evil, or perhaps it is the mere influence of cold manners. I cannot 13 but think the American women, as a rule, are cold in their love attachments. But I wander from the subject. Go to Saratoga, where there is lots of fun, if you take it in the season, though I reckon the war has knocked society on the head there now. In olden days, you would have seen rich merchants and planters from all quarters there, such as residents in New Orleans, Arkansas, Alabama, and Tennessee; gentlemen landowners from Georgia, North and South Carolina, and Virginia; Kentucky estate purchasers, as well as those of Ohio, Missouri, and Michigan and swells from Boston and New York. And in the same review you might discern Broad Brimmers (Quakers) from Philadelphia and Providence; swell professors from the various seats of learning; Congress men and honourable senators, and official functionaries from Washington. Saratoga certainly more resembles Cheltenham or Bath than Brighton. But, stranger! above all, beware 14 of those sweet, beautiful faces from the lovely South! You will never see their like again. God bless them!

The marble buildings of New York are, for the most part, to be seen in the Broadway, where some of the edifices are really stupendous. The architecture here is perhaps unsurpassed. Many of the establishments are long and lofty, and forcibly remind one of those in Oxford and Regent Streets. The buildings at the top are solid enough, terminating generally in an iron girder (which seems incapable of supporting the mass), having for their final completion a few thin iron pillars, which stand the intense frost and vibration of the ground under the constant traffic marvellously well. As in Edinburgh, a great many of

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the New York shops are “fixed up”—as the Americans would say of everything—in the basement stories.

Of all foreign countries, I have found America the most desirable, and the most like the old fatherland. Had I married in New York, I should have been well content to have passed my life there, but unfortunately that operation was performed upon me before going, and I am obliged to bear with an equable temper what Providence has allotted me. Though no one loves Old England better than I, and though few, I think, have travelled more, still I could endure without a murmur being exiled for life to the American shore, provided I had the little darling who could make existence dear, and would equally appreciate American peculiarities.

Battery Point, as it is called, was the first place I ventured to visit. There are no guns or fortifications there, the Point being seemingly intended for the disembarkation of emigrants, and the landing Sailors from the men of war anchored near. Numbers of Irish land here, and grow insolent when once they have sniffed the free air of the land of equality.

As I was one day, during the cold season, passing through a street leading off the Broadway, I was unexpectedly struck by a snowball, thrown from the hand of a young Irish urchin. I furiously turned upon him, and after a somewhat lengthy chase, captured him. When I collared him roughly, and charged him with the impudence of his act, in the most piteous accents he solemnly asserted his innocence, and pointing with his finger to a murky-looking young rascal, a way off, assigned him as the guilty party, designating him as “the boy with the twist in his eye.” Now I had some idea of the numerous evils to which the human race is unfortunately subject, and the various diseases which “aid us to shuffle off this mortal coil,” but I must confess I was entirely ignorant of the nature of the aforesaid malady, and could not help my attention being attracted to the suffering individual.



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I went towards him, and regarding him with a little more than ordinary attention, 17 perceived he was affected with a common squint. Though anger alone before was predominant with me, and I had made up my mind to pay my street friend off in his own coin, yet the novelty of this name for so common a disease disarmed my anger, and sent me laughingly on my road. I shall not in a hurry forget my snowball from the Irish boy with the twist in his eye.

Boys and sparrows flourish everywhere. The former genus is, I think, more happily represented here than in London. They are ahead of our London boys, and too proud and calculating to act as mudlarks, thieves, or beggars. They never trouble the “Bobbies” of America—no, not they. They are considering that 100 cents make the dollar, and turning over in their minds ideas as to the most profitable investment.

Of course everybody knows New York had an Exhibition in 1855. They were not going to be left behind, I tell you, stranger, in any c 18 way. I saw a picture of the building. It was much smaller than ours of #51, and of a different shape—that is to say, more compact. Few foreigners perhaps remember that this unfortunate building was burnt. Although it was placed side by side with the Croton Reservoir, all efforts to save the building were unavailing. The angry flames consumed rafters, walls, and roof; and nothing but a heap of ashes marks where the costly structure stood.

In the Exhibition year of 1855, an elaborate picture of New York was published by Messrs. Smith, Fern, and Co., of the Broadway. Imposingly in the foreground of this picture stand the Croton Reservoir and this Exhibition, and they appear the most important objects, and are evidently intended by Messrs. Smith and Co. to be so. They head the streets, which follow in succession. They stood in the Sixth Avenue, and 32nd Street up to 43rd Street, and the Yankees 19 were justly proud of them. Like ours, the Exhibition building was chiefly of iron and glass, with a dome very much after the style of the Dublin Exhibition. It seems the observatory in front was the spot chosen to give effect to this wonderful picture. The outskirts of the town and the rivers appear to have been unworthy of notice,

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for they were entirely left out. It is, I suppose, what is commonly called a bird's-eye view, or such as is seen by the highly-favoured creature when on the wing. The Croton Reservoir is probably one of the greatest works of this city of a go-ahead people. It was fixed up (American for built) for the purpose of affording to the people an unlimited supply of soft water. The cost was somewhat fabulous.

The Erie Canal runs through New York State, and is over 360 miles in length—longer than any canal in the world. It does an untold amount of towing, steaming, and tugging c2 20 and cost over seven millions of immortal dollars. The Erie Railway cost thirty millions of that coin, and the Hudson Railway a third of that amount, and is a very comfortable line—at least I hear so from my friends.

It is scarcely necessary to remark that New York is one of the largest seaports in the world. Boston, over 240 miles distant, is its northern rival. I will not trouble my friends by entering into statistics. We learn all these things in geography, or from the Gazetteer. There you will find all that is required. It would be dreadfully uninteresting to the generality of readers to enter into detail. However, New York is a commercial city of great mercantile resources, and of unbounded wealth, and is of course daily on the increase as regards its population. The emigration returns are wonderfully on the increase. In the year ending December 30th, 1862, the number of alien 21 emigrants amounted at the port of New York to about 76,306, while during the year ending on the same date 1863 the arrivals were 155,223—more than double the number of the previous year. Of this total, 92,681 were from Ireland, 38,236 from Germany, 19,256 from England and Scotland. The emigration to the United States in the present year promises to be very large: it will probably fall nothing short of a quarter of a million. Through this source alone, they will perhaps fill up the gaps in their ranks, and be able to bring on the field an overwhelming force to preserve inviolate the stars and stripes.

The coloured people in New York do not form one-ninth of the population of the city, as is ascertained from the census.

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The men of colour in New York are quite different in manners from those I have met in the West India Islands, especially Barbados, where, unlike the quiet, submissive negro of New York, they are so insolent as not to let a European pass without an insulting remark from the loungers (both male and female) in the streets; and it may not be irrelevant to mention that in Barbados the women are numerically double the men.

The negro in New York is taught, however, better manners. There it seems as much as his life is worth to open his lips, or be in anywise abusive to a Yankee, no matter how great the provocation he may have received. Since Lincoln's proclamation, the negro's bumptiousness has returned with tenfold vigour. I have myself heard one threaten to knock a white man down. The low Irish (who were the chief originators of the late riots) hanged fifty poor unoffending blacks, to the great consternation of their surviving brethren, many of whom in their terror quitted the city for good, and have not since returned. As you approach the cities more south, the blacks are to be found in large numbers.

On the subject of these negroes, our Government, as I think, fell into an error in letting free so large a portion of the population of the West Indies, without having framed a code of salutary laws by which the black might in future be guided. It is for his advantage that he should be in some way constrained. In America he forms a minority in the population. Not so in the West Indies, where he vastly outnumbers, the white portion of the community. In the Danish West Indies a fixed body of laws is in force, regulating, for his own benefit, the conduct of the negro. There he must work; no idler is permitted to hang about the streets. There the laws demand of Sambo, with a wife or widowed mother, to put his shoulder to the wheel, and support his family. The Government compels him to hire with the highest bidder, from whom he is secured an adequate reward for his labour, and by whom he is bound to act honestly. Under this employer, he has his cottage and piece of ground; and, in case of a misunderstanding on either side, reference can be made to magistrates especially delegated for that purpose. The Danish Government have lately applied to the United States for some of the slaves not long since liberated, and the Danish regulations

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regarding their treatment were shown to the Washington authorities, who expressed their approval of them.

The free negroes in the West Indies and Jamaica ( *especially* ), during the season of the crops or harvest, frequently turn insolently upon their masters, whose crops are in consequence often lost. This they do on the sole plea that they do not want to work: they have earned sufficient for a week to come, and are alike regardless of their master's crops and his interests.

I maintain, therefore, that however sad 25 and deplorable slavery is in the abstract, it is still a practical necessity. Until the negro is morally superior to what he at present is, I fear it will be obligatory on the white man, for many years to come, to guide and check his less favoured brother.

### CHAPTER III.

I am fully of opinion that it would prove a very grateful trip to all who could afford it, and were desirous of escaping a winter in England, to visit New York in September, taking Niagara *en route* , and then passing into the far west for sport: spending December, January, February, and March in the Southern States—provided *peace* there fortunately smile; and extending this delightful excursion to the island of the Bahamas, or to some of the beautiful islands of the West Indies, which I have visited, and where steamers constantly run. It would prove a most pleasant way to escape the London fogs: but I do not recommend it to really 27 bad sailors. Fair passages are to be made in September (early).

The railways here run to any distance required, and to any place desired. Fifteen hundred miles is not considered a long journey in America, and may be done in three days; nor is it very expensive. The autumn is agreeable, the temperature of the air at such a season being perhaps milder than at any other season of the year. Yet it is very changeable, not more than eight weeks generally elapsing before the intensely cold weather sets in, when the coast is visited by fogs, which greatly endanger ocean steamers and coasting vessels.

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The denizens of the city, unlike the inhabitants of London, experience no inconvenience in this respect. The air is as pure as in Paris, and more healthy.

The paving towards the city end is very bad indeed. The Broadway is not a happy show of art in that respect; but as for the bye-streets, one sees holes large enough to 28 swallow up a "Hansom." I once witnessed, as I sat late one evening in my lodging in New Bond Street, a cab, as it was passing, with a quantity of packages, boxes, and carpet bags on the top (piled up in such a way as to bring immediately to my mind the deck of a Baltic steamer), completely upset, to the great consternation of two old ladies who were so unfortunate as to be inside. The women, half frightened to death, were extricated sideways, the horse pricking up his ears, and looking around him as if immensely delighted. The paving at the upper end of New York is much better, but with the enormous business carried on in Nassau Street, Wall Street, Fulton Street, Greenwich Street, Maiden Lane, and Liberty Place, it seems extraordinary that the thoroughfares should not be kept in better order. It is also a common occurrence to find the streets very badly cleansed. The cinders, scullery scraps, and house sweepings are to be seen outside 29 the doors, for the dustman to take away at his option. If he is drunk or absent, the cinders, &c., remain in the barrels in which they were deposited for removal; and many are the wayfarers who in moments of abstraction, or in the darkness, topple over them; or, perhaps, they (the barrels) themselves suffer, and are swept away many a foot by a rough jostle from a wheel. In front of the private houses, these cinder casks and boxes *stand imposingly, by the especial order of the Sanitary Committee*. I do not say this of the best streets, but of all the inferior—nay, respectable ones.

The grubby dustman rings his bell as a warning to all prudent housemaids that his cart approaches, wherein apple-peelings, potato-skins, cabbage-stalks, and the like are deposited for removal. Of course the Fifth Avenue, and Madison Avenue, &c., don't use cinder barrels and boxes. As to the boxes, some have but three sides, perhaps one 30 of them broken away in the opening of the box. When it is so mutilated, the cinders and garbage are ingeniously piled up, so as to supply the place of the missing side. The old

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half-starved Irish women avail themselves of this opportunity to hunt over the *débris* as they pass by, picking and tossing and luxuriating among the old rags, after the manner of the “ould” country.

The police are a very fine body of men: remarkably well conducted and well disciplined. They have a higher status in society than ours in England, and indeed it must be confessed are their superiors in many important respects. More active and civil than those in our capital, they are more formidable to the thief, the rioter, and careless driver; and the man who is to be seen at one time capturing the footpad, or beating down the street-disturber, whipping the restive horse, or dispersing suspicious groups of hangers-on, might be noticed at another 31 escorting a pretty lady through a crowded thoroughfare, with the polite air of a man of gallantry. Their salaries are handsome, being about 800 dollars a year (£160), not a bad income; but they have (some of them told me) to pay for their clothes out of it. When I was in New York, these gentlemen, like other classes in England, had “struck” for higher wages since the depreciation of the mighty dollar note; and my informant said he could not live on the same amount as formerly—before the Chase paper money became universal. They are dressed in lighter blue coats than our own police, carry their staffs outside generally, and are provided with a sixshooter. The flat blue cap they wear is serviceable, but not any more ornamental than the helmet of our own Bobbies.

The best localities for private houses, I find, are in the Fifth Avenue, Madison Avenue, and Lexington Avenue. These avenues run regularly parallel to each other. 32 The houses are on a very grand scale, and equal to the Bayswater mansions in many instances. Streets branch off right and left from the Fifth Avenue, say from 14th to 36th Street, as far on one side as the Sixth and Lexington Avenue on the other. The houses of the above-mentioned streets much resemble the best residences in Belfast and Cork. I can name one or two private individuals' residences, but no more. There are James Lennox's, Mr. Haight's, Dr. Townsend's, and Mr. Aster's—most of these are in the Fifth Avenue—with many others; but don't ask me, reader, who these gentlemen are, for I am unable to inform you. I know all the houses in New York have very green Venetian shutters outside the windows, to

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keep off the burning rays of the sun, which are very powerful. The glass during the hot season rises to any degree in the sun. Apartments are to be had here as plentifully as in London—some equally elegant, but somewhat less in price.

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As to describing the towns united by the ferries, I shall not attempt it, for fear of disheartening my readers. They are generally very dirty and wild in appearance straggling, and dull as ditch-water, with the exception of Brooklyn, which is more a town of mechanics and commerce. It has 200,000 inhabitants. It contains the United States Navy Yard, and two or three theatres. In 1776 a great battle was fought here between the Americans and Britishers, in which Washington came off second-best. However, in 1783, Washington made a public entry at one end of the town while the Britishers sloped out at the other; and the Yankees were, I guess, let alone, and free from the curse of war, until now, when they have themselves to thank for the present conflict, and the ravaging of their bountiful and beautiful country.

New York has been visited, as well as other great cities, by fires. Just one hundred D 34 and eleven years after the great fire of London, a terrible conflagration occurred in this city. It raged on both sides of Broadway, and destroyed fully an eighth part of the city. Another fire, in 1835, burnt down in one night 600 houses; and the last of note took place in 1864, which many will remember to have seen illustrated in the *London News*.

In 1832 it was visited by the cholera, and frequently since has had visitations of that fearful malady and the yellow fever.

Though some of the Yankees are very civil, at times they are greatly wanting in courtesy and gentlemanly demeanour; but as I never argued on politics, and conducted myself with circumspection, I managed to get along very well with the majority, and never felt any personal fear, although from representations in England, I was prepared to have to rough it. The upper classes, as in all countries, are vastly different to 35 the middle

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and lower grades. Flatter a Yankee, praise his country and government, and he is yours for ever. When, as a stranger, he addresses you first, his mode of accosting you is very characteristic. He commences immediately a string of the most singular questions, many of them very impertinent, though he never expects an answer to any.

The American people require constant excitement, and are much given to evening entertainments. Card-playing is carried on to a ruinous degree, and they are perfectly reckless in the enormous wagers they lay. Faro is the great game. I had received frequent cautions not to play anywhere or with any one, and I always followed this advice. There are too many rogues and vagabonds in New York ready to cheat a stranger, for a man to trust his pockets or his character amongst. New York is blessed also with its quota of pickpockets, and they D2 36 are to be dreaded almost as much as the gentlemanly card-cheaters.

As a caution to all strangers visiting New York in the care they should take in the selection of friends, I will mention an incident of which I was myself the hero. One day, walking down the Broadway, I was accosted by a very agreeable person—a gentleman to all appearance—who hailed me as the son of an old friend, calling me “young Phillips,” to my no small surprise. This young Phillips, it seemed, had come out by the *China*, and my new acquaintance, with some apparent confusion, quickly discovered I was not that gentleman. We entered, however, into conversation, in the course of which he informed me he was an Englishman, and staying at the St. Nicholas Hotel. He at the same time, in warm terms, expressed the pleasure he felt at meeting one from the old country, and persuaded me to join him in drinking a glass of wine. We 37 went up to what he called his club, and as I passed in, I was requested to give my name, being told that such was the custom when a stranger was introduced. I entered a very splendid room, where a first-class supper was laid out, and faro going on. At the first glimpse of the apartment and its inmates, I recognized at once the character of the place, and also of my conductor; and, pleading immediately in a quiet but firm tone a previous engagement, took up my hat and



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walked out, leaving, I have no doubt, upon the minds of the company the impression that I was no "pigeon."

Sunday is not so well observed here as in old England, though as regards appearances the day is sufficiently appreciated. I found a kind of sacred concert going on in Broadway, but the pieces were operatic, and anything but of the solemn majestic character of sacred music. The company smoked and refreshed themselves during the evening with the 38 national drinks. The place was filled to overflowing, and for a time the audience behaved orderly enough; but towards the close of this Sunday evening, when the various strong drinks had begun to exercise their usual pernicious influence, a "row" of a very serious nature broke out, like that which lately occurred in the Cremorne Gardens at home; and ended in the lady of the house firing two pistol shots upon the rioters, who were smashing right and left the plates and drinking glasses. Fortunately for this lady (a German) and for the public welfare, the police made a timely appearance, and dispersed the disturbers with little more injury than a few cut heads.

In New York they are very fond of advertising where the different popular clergymen will preach and lecture on Sunday. "Unchurch"-going young men are particularly requested to attend, and hear what has to be said for their spiritual and temporal welfare. The Saturday's paper generally shows what is coming off. I attended one of these lectures at Irving Hall. The hall was very elegantly and tastefully decorated, being permanently fitted up for concerts; the ceiling was beautifully painted, and a commodious gallery ran all round the building. The clergyman or lecturer, who by-the-bye was blind, was passably eloquent, and well acquainted with the subject of his discourse, which was principally on the fleeting and feeble pleasures of the world, and their insufficiency to render any true Christian happy. He enlarged with no common power on the short tenure of our existence, and held up very clearly indeed the bright prospect that lay before us, if we would only take timely hold of the means of securing it. I did not hear this discourse to the end. Brevity was not the soul of the speaker's wit, so I left him to sow the good seed in fitter ground.

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Many of the Americans seem very miserable 40 specimens of humanity. Their consumptive, haggard looks impress you sadly. Many wear no whiskers, but instead a hideous pointed beard, for the growth of which their country seems extremely favourable. But though it may seem indigenous to the soil, it is nevertheless by no means becoming, for it gives to them a ghastly, cadaverous aspect. Others wear only a moustache, which is certainly preferable. Though the weird-looking individuals are very numerous, and make up by far the largest section of the population, still one's eyes are relieved by the sight of some hale, hearty, robust, and ruddy faces and figures, which remind you of the natives of our own brave little isle.

I think that this general emaciation is not so much attributable to the variable nature of their climate as to the pernicious and filthy habits the Yankees have so universally fallen into. If they would only smoke and chew less—particularly the latter—and consequently spit less, they would unquestionably appear in another and more favourable light, and be more acceptable to all visitors to their land. But whilst they continue to spit incessantly right and left, over your head and under your feet, and chew tobacco at all hours, even at meals, as I have known them to do (little boys of nine or ten years of age are old in the vile habit), they cannot expect either a healthy appearance, long life, or a cleanly character. One cannot pass through any place of public resort without danger of being filthified by this eternal expectoration, or being disgusted by the vitiated smell of their breath. Consumption, which is so common amongst them, is no doubt greatly owing to this vicious habit. As you remark the many emaciated forms that pass you by, and observe how near some of them are to the last stage of their existence, you cannot help perceiving how large a share the constant use of tobacco and the as constant use of liquors to wet their parched throats, have in accelerating their passage to the tomb. A lady of middle station in life informed me confidentially that her husband frequently fell asleep with the plug of tobacco in his mouth. I have heard that this is an established fact, though generally denied by the Yankees. All the second-rate boarding-houses and hotels are rendered insupportable by this habit of chewing and expectoration. Heaven forbid I should inhabit

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quarters with the possessors of such propensities for many hours. I was stopping at an hotel where I had the misfortune to have a spitting Yankee for my neighbour. I would as soon be “located” with the typhus fever in the house, or a good hacking case of asthma, as this persistent Yankee, who was so energetic in his propensities. I wonder the Egyptians were never afflicted in their plagues with a miraculous shower of tobaccoplugs, and an antedated New Yorkian to teach the use of them. I got a glimpse of 43 him; he looked like an emaciated locomotive spiral column. At the breakfast-table one is disgusted by a similar process, and must often retire sick from the table, unable to get through the meal. In some of the best houses in New York it is as general as in the second-rate boarding-houses. It is so universal that I believe it is incurable. You may “chaff” them about it, as Dickens and other clever writers have done, but it is of no use: they can't help it. The habit has acquired such strength that it would require a greater effort than they are willing to make to check or abandon it. Too many Americans do not carry a pocket-handkerchief, and those who do seldom use it. A process similarly dirty to that of clearing their throats is made use of in the blowing of their noses. But I must quit this subject, which is certainly the dark side of the picture, and take a glimpse at the bright one.

Boarding-houses are general throughout 44 America; and very few are comfortable and well regulated at all times. A boarding-house is a very poor substitute for a pleasant home, unless it contain some nice people, and the woman of the house herself be a gentlewoman, which is sometimes the case. I stayed at one of these boarding-houses upon trial in New York; I found it a second-rate one. Forgive, O my Yankee friends! I made a dreadful mistake in my choice. In these boarding-houses helps or servants— sometimes white, sometimes coloured—wait. The meal hours vary, but are generally very early. Breakfast, 8.30 or 9; lunch at 12, noon (at which hour I generally breakfasted); and dinner at 1 or 2, when one solitary knife and fork are laid before you, both *suspiciously greasy*. At dinner I used to drink claret, and take coffee at the conclusion of the meal.

As a flesh-consuming people, the Americans have no equal in the world. They usually have meat three times a day, and not 45 s small quantity at each meal either. I have seen

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a gentleman choose as many as seven or eight different kinds of animal food from the bill of fare, and after having had all arranged before him in a row, in the national little white dishes, commence at one end and eat his way through in half a dozen minutes.

In these boarding-houses charges are reasonable, but most of them are unsuited to a gentleman's ideas of comfortable accommodation. In the inferior ones, some of the frequenters look "seedy," and of doubtful social standing; and in such places it is not unusual to find all "feeding" in the basement story or kitchen. If my Yankee friends in those houses eat indifferent food during the week, they certainly make ample amends for it on Sundays, when they indulge in fat turkeys, geese, and fowl, to their hearts' content; and pumpkin-pie gives place to richer food. So, stranger, if you are obliged to visit such places, let it be on a Sunday. You will be 46 sure to have ample food for your observation, as well as for your stomach, for no true Yankee absents himself on the Sabbath.

In endeavouring to give a truthful description of the style of living in vogue in many of the places of public resort in New York, I am far from wanting to make it appear that no better or more elegant are to be had. In the first-rate boarding-houses of the American commercial capital, there is an entire absence of all vulgarity. The attendance and culinary arrangements are after the models of some of the best English private establishments, and the general tone of the society refined enough for the most fastidious; nor are the expenses so exorbitant as in many a noisy, disagreeable hotel.

As to the morality of New York (I refer to the middle-class Americans generally), I am sorry I am not able to speak more favourably. Indeed, society here, as it is to be met with in common intercourse, is rather depraved, 47 though perhaps *externally* virtue has her due share of admiration.

Not to enlarge on this subject, I may sum up by saying that husbands as a rule seem to treat their wives with great indifference; and these latter, again, too often grow callous and heartless through the neglect of their spouses. A dear young wife is frequently deserted for

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nights together for the enjoyment of a brandy cocktail and cigar. The ladies are generally very pretty, with small delicate features and “airy, fairy” little figures. To be sure their beauty is very evanescent; their charms decline after the age of twenty-five; but when in the meridian of their loveliness the American ladies are second to no others in harmony of features and symmetry of form.

It is almost impossible to distinguish the rogue from the honest man, or the man of money from the penniless adventurer, in this land of equality. There is seldom any difference in dress, and often less in manner. A 48 pickpocket, in decent attire, would receive the same respect as a clergyman, a senator, or a barrister. As I was one day reading a newspaper in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, a man of very gentlemanly exterior came up to me. He had been dogging me about some time, and when he at length “bore down” upon me, as sailors would say, the first thing that drew my attention was the superfine texture of his hat. It was the most handsome hat I ever saw. At the lowest figure it must have cost nine dollars. I could not but continue to admire it, to the great gratification, as I could see, of the wearer. We discourse for a little time, when he hands me his card. There is the little glazed perfection of pasteboard, and *credite posteri*, in delicate letters inscribed on it Mr. So-and-So, Chiropodist. He inquired of me if I was troubled with bunions—asking me at the same time to have some liquor with him. His charge was one dollar per bunion. I looked at 49 him again, and the more I did so the more forcibly it struck me that one dollar per bunion never got him up in that first-class style. I questioned him very closely, and after many evasions on his part, he owned that his real charge was one dollar for each corn in the bunion, and there might be a dozen in each. I had some trouble in getting rid of him; he was very desirous to learn my address, and went away very reluctantly, on my promising to write to him. So away went my corn doctor with a carriage which for dignity was worthy of a judge of the land.

The Yankees, as I have already mentioned, are very vain, very proud of their country and its unbounded resources, and of *themselves*; and, to do them justice, in the eyes of any unprejudiced strangers there is excuse for all. Though they have copied us in all

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our institutions, and taken a hint from us wherever a hint was likely to be serviceable, still it must be confessed that, unlike us, they 50 have not stood still, but improved upon all that was old, and invented much that was new and profitable. In their large commercial houses, in their public edifices, in their national institutions, in their private and public conveniences—in all these they are far ahead of us, and continue to lead where in many respects we lag behind. It would be useless, and indeed too prolix, here to enter minutely into a description of all that gives the Yankee reason to be proud. I will only notice what I saw myself, and what struck me as curious instances of their ingenuity. The sewing-machine, which was one of those, is worthy of any stranger's observation. These vary in price from two dollars to 300; some are of exquisite manufacture, and agents for the sale of them are all over the world. Another great novelty in my estimation is the new American watch; it is on an entirely novel principle; it is supposed to be one of the best descriptions of time-pieces extant. I 51 have seen many, and admired them very much. I cannot leave the subject of novelties without adverting to the poles stuck up prominently on all the principal buildings and most of the private houses of New York, for the purpose of displaying the Stars and Stripes on all jubilee days and occasions of national rejoicings; also the ingenious method of letting you know your bearings by the names of the streets being printed on the glasses of the gas-lamps, whereby you may save yourself the trouble of inquiring, as you can tell your position equally well by night or day.

The shops generally close early in New York: the dry good stores about 7.30; the liquor stores and chemists' shops at a later hour. The restaurants, and basement rooms, or bars, close at any hour of the night; the oyster-rooms also are open to a late hour.

The music halls are very numerous, and I fancy must pay well; they are frequented by E 2 52 men only, and are altogether of a low type. The maids who wait—and their name is legion—will drink and play dominoes with you if you like, and make the best use they can of the limited time in picking a hole in your purse. They'll coax you to drink the vilest

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champagne at four dollars the bottle. A man of any pretensions to morality will shun them and their dealings.

Restaurants are also very numerous; some are magnificent in appearance and style of arrangement. The best are Maillard's, Reefer's, Maison-Doree (known for its splendid French *diners* ), Delmonico's (2), Florence's. Taylor's saloon is very grand, but in nowise fashionable. Both the exterior and interior are superb. The waiters are insolent, and Irish. It is for the most part frequented by country people and strangers, who are attracted by its external magnificence. As to ladies, you see none of any position there, though many with very pretty faces.

53

Oysters are extremely plentiful here, and are fat and very good; a little larger perhaps than our London natives, though not quite so well flavoured. Such people to eat oysters as the Americans I never met. The supply in Chicago and distant inland cities is limited, and the oyster is consequently regarded more as a luxury; but here, where they are so numerous, they are quite an ordinary article of food, and are eaten in all manner of ways—broiled, fried, roasted, escalloped, stewed—in all of which ways, save the latter, I tasted them. In patties, and raw, they are also largely used. The shells, I understand, are ground down and used in tons to manure the lands. Besides the oysters, which are various in kinds and degree of taste—some being more delicate and larger than others, according to the locality from which they come—there is a popular stew made of clams, a shell-fish resembling an overgrown cockle. Though considered a great institution 54 (as they call it) by the Americans, I could not stomach it, it being too high for my palate.

A new class of people have suddenly sprung up, who have grown rich by fattening on their contracts with Government relative to supplies for the great war. They are greatly slighted, by reason of their plundering propensities, and indifference to the public welfare; but such a state of things must always be expected when illegitimate means are made use of in the support of an illegitimate cause. The “shoddy” with which these contractors cheat the

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State is composed of rotten second-hand clothing cut into small shreds, and mixed with new wool—the shoddy costing about one-tenth of the new material. All is then worked up into a cloth substance, and for a while equals in appearance a genuine article, but wears out in a little time, as the unfortunate recruit ere long discovers to his cost. I have observed men passing through New 55 York with hand-trucks, over the body of which a line of bells was attached, apparently in convulsions, and making the most inharmonious sounds, the ultimate object of which proceeding appeared to be the collecting of second-hand clothes, old rags, and paper. There is a work lately published in America on shoddy contractors, called “The Reign of Shoddy.” I have not read it, but I believe it to be a bitter satire on this class. They are disliked by all other trades, who hold them in contempt, despite their enormous wealth.

The hotels are very grand and numerous in New York. The largest are the St. Nicholas, Fifth Avenue; New York Hotel, the Metropolitan, and Farance's House. The most suitable for those who wish for quiet and nice society are the Clarendon, Everett's House, and Brevoort House. Hotel charges are generally from 3½ to 4½ dollars (paper money)—the rooms being very rarely let without the condition of “boarding” 56 also attached. There are also Bond Street House, and one or two other quiet places, more like the boarding-houses at Ramsgate or Brighton. A new hotel has just been opened near that in the Fifth Avenue, which it very much resembles in style and form, though smaller. There is also the Albemarle Hotel, which is a very agreeable place of sojourn.

The streets assume their busy aspect with the dawn, for the Yankees are up betimes, and, as I said before, take their meals very early, with a despatch beyond my powers of mastication, &c., and which would astonish the foreigner who likes to pay a little attention to his toilet ere sitting down to a dinner or breakfast—an operation the Americans are prone to overlook; and it frequently happens that you meet the parties who arrived the same hour with yourself coming out of the dining-room as you are about to enter.



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Of all the hotels I tried, the Brevoort House pleased me most; it is much frequented by English, and the society is generally unexceptionable. Among others whom I had the pleasure of meeting was Mr. G. A. Sala, the clever and indefatigable correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*. I also saw there the recently made bride, Mrs. Sprague (late Miss Chase), wife of young Governor Sprague, who was apparently not above twenty-five years of age. He is now a senator, has carried himself very bravely all through the war, and is a Brigadier-General as well as Governor of Rhode Island—remarkable trusts for so young a man, but he has proved himself equal to them. Miss Chase, whose jewellery cost so much, and was so extensively copied in all the illustrated papers, I also saw, and thought her a quiet, lady-like looking girl. I likewise noticed a certain general officer who had shot a gentleman for being too sweet on his 58 (the General's) wife. The deceased was unconscious of his peril when the General fired at him; and when the wounded man rushed on his assailant, the General ran behind a tree, and despatched his victim with a second shot. Of the General's valour, after this act, I can speak most highly. He received a gun-shot wound in his leg (part of which had to be amputated) in the late tremendous fight at Gettysburg. He is very popular, is considered clever, speaks well, and has the manners of a gentleman. Another person who was stopping at this hotel was a would-be Baronet—so he represented himself to the Government authorities, who were fairly nonplussed when Lord Lyons informed them of the deceit practised on them, and also when they received a letter from the real Baronet, who was residing at the time in happy, peaceful England. The matter, however, was still only partially cleared up when I left America, and the would-be, or perhaps 59 real Baronet—a fine, dashing young fellow, and colonel in the Federal army—was on leave of absence, by order of the Washington authorities. He has behaved very bravely during the war, and, if they took my advice, they would send him back to his regiment—Baronet or no Baronet.

There are two or three very good clubs in New York, such as the Union, the Union League, the New York, and Century clubs, made up almost exclusively of real gentlemen. I had the pleasure of an introduction to a most gentlemanly individual engaged in the Customs (with

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whom, by the way, I left the sword with which I had humbly aided England's cause in the terrible Indian campaign), who kindly introduced me to that very elegant resort the New York Club, all the advantages connected with which I enjoyed for a few weeks ere starting for Baltimore on a duck-shooting expedition. During the gay season, which extends from November 60 to February, the balls and parties given are upon a grand scale, but very rarely are such assemblies of a character which can be termed select, so tenaciously do the Yankees cling to the principle of "equality." One of the leading themes of conversation, during my sojourn in New York, was the Russian ball, which seems to have rivalled in magnificence that recently given at the Guildhall in honour of the Princess of Wales. I am not aware, however, whether in the matter of hair-brushes and perfumes the outlay was so extravagant, but am inclined to believe that in this respect at least the City of London is very far ahead.

### CHAPTER IV.

On the subject of modern America I have read much, and have attentively perused the letters of the correspondents to the leading journals; and I must say that I think many of these accounts are written under the influence of prejudice. It certainly is difficult to get a good reception in the best New York society; but it is not to be wondered at that a great deal of caution should be exercised in the admission of strangers. Of Englishmen the New Yorkers are particularly suspicious, so often have they been deceived by the pretensions of designing natives of the mother country! But when once you have been introduced, and it is found that you are possessed 62 of those qualities which constitute a true gentleman you are certain to meet with the most unequivocal courtesy and kindness; and such an acknowledgment is of no small advantage to the polished stranger, many of the families being equal in resources, position, and refinement with the best in England.

The wealth of the citizens would appear to be almost unbounded; and even amid the waste and woe of civil war the utmost extravagance and luxuriousness abound. Let champagne run as high in price as it may, the Americans will still indulge as of yore; and

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the same may be said of other luxuries. Appearances must be kept up, however ruinous this course of action may prove in the end. The purse of a Yankee is always open to meet the demands of the most costly indulgences; and though he may complain of the price, yet he will not retrench. The indulgent selfishness of the Northerners sadly contrasts with that spirit of self-abnegation and sacrifice <sup>63</sup> which the Southerners have displayed in their prosecution of the present disastrous conflict. The greater portion of those who constitute the aristocracy of New York, being engaged in business, and having to work hard for their money, it might be supposed that they would appreciate its value, and lay it out judiciously, instead of recklessly spending it on their appetites and vices; but the fact is as I have stated it. Their luxuriousness is apparent in the fittings of their homes. Every residence is provided with baths, both hot and cold, the water being conveyed by pipes to the tops of the houses. Dumb-waiters and speaking-trumpets are quite an institution. Many of the houses are capable of being warmed throughout by means of flues connected with a furnace below, and communicating with the various apartments, in each of which is a regulator by which the heat may be modified or intensified according to the pleasure of the occupants. In cold weather <sup>64</sup> this plan greatly conduces to one's comfort, and I have heard medical men state that it is not unhealthy; but I have heard people complain at the hotels where the system is carried out. Many prefer stoves in their rooms, but this mode is even more expensive, because of the quantity of fuel required. The drawingrooms run generally in suites, with sliding doors, the intervening passages being formed into a third apartment, in which during the day-time I have often passed hours writing. It is usually carpeted and nicely furnished, but with the staircase of course leading into it. Give me a New York house for comfort and luxury.

A few words in reference to the imbibing habits of the Americans. It would be impossible to enumerate all their favourite drinks, but here are a few:—gin sling, mint julep, whisky kin, brandy punch, claret cobbler, wine sangaree, claret punch, gin cocktail, sherry cobbler, milk punch, brandy smash, <sup>65</sup> whisky cocktail, apple toddy, brandy pony, Bourbon sour, brandy cocktail, Japanese drink, Tom and Jerry, the bull's milk, and Dan Webster's fixings.

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New York is unquestionably a city of drinkers; and the first men in it take their refreshers with the dawn, and in fact are at it “from early morn to dewy eve.” These drinks are very agreeable to the palate, but have a tendency to render a man, in vulgar parlance, “seedy.” Each hotel and restaurant has of course its bar; ice abounds, and is to be had everywhere and at all times. The drinks and ice, spiced with lemon-peel and nutmeg, are poured from one glass into another, and the mixture is imbibed through a straw. But enough of what the people of New York eat and drink.

The various ferries which connect one part of New York with another are very large and magnificent. The charge for crossing is three cents per head. They are situated in various parts of the city—Fulton Ferry, Peekslip 66 Ferry, and South Ferry being on one side, and crossing the East River. These ferries are worked on the lever beam principle, or outside engine, and are of very great speed. To break the shock on arrival, piles are driven into the bed of the river, against which the ferries are directed; the boat thus glances off into its proper place, and is secured by chains. The passage occupies three or four minutes. In shape the boats are oblong, with a lookout house above for the steersman. Passengers are not allowed to go up to this part of the vessel. There is a cabin for ladies, and another for gentlemen; but the ladies do not seem to have the exclusive use of theirs, for you often find the gentlemen make for this pleasant retreat, even though smoking is forbidden in this department. To me I need hardly say this free intercourse was very agreeable.

## CHAPTER V.

The entrance to the Bay of New York is extremely grand. The natural defences of the city have been turned to such good account and supplemented in such a way as to render an attack by sea, should it be made, a very doubtful, if not altogether hopeless undertaking. The Bay is very beautiful, and the harbour extensive. Numbers of vessels from all quarters of the globe are always lying here. Staten Island, as seen from the vessel's deck, appeared very beautiful even in November, when it had lost much of its green and luxuriant aspect. The weather was, however, still agreeable, and things had a

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fresher look than one might have been led to expect. The cold, 68 when it does set in, is only of three or four days' duration at a time, but the change is keenly felt. The autumn is called the Indian or second summer, and the spring the fall of the year.

At the entrance to the Bay are the Narrows. Here the steamer turns quite suddenly, with the wheel hard over as the pilot shouts, by which means they are cleared, deep water kept, and the course of the channel followed. As I passed by I noticed the places that have been lately strengthened. Fort Lafayette, a brick casemated three-tiered fort, is insulated, standing in the centre of the Channel or Narrows; and appeared to me immensely strong, and I dare say would prove formidable enough to a hostile fleet. On each side of the Lafayette are Forts Hamilton and Richmond —the former on the right, the latter on the left; and there is Fort Tomkins close by. These two latter are on Staten Island, both standing high, and commanding very extensive ranges. 69 Then comes Governor's Island, with its two ugly-looking forts, Columbus and Castle William. Other and smaller works of stone and earth frown from Bedlam Island and Ellis Isle; and all bristle with enormous cannon. Some, in addition, are to be iron-plated.

The ferries are constantly plying, and are often really dangerous to small boats. As a crew of Russians, thirteen in number, were lately crossing from their ship, one of these ferries unfortunately came into contact with their boat, and sunk it, when eight men perished.

*Apropos* of the Russians, I am sorry for the Americans' own sakes that they have so far forgotten themselves as to exchange sympathies with the cowardly oppressors of the wretched Poles. A Russian fleet is now anchored in the beautiful harbour on the East River, close to the city. Its presence, I suppose, is to be regarded as a pledge of sincerity and good faith on the part of the Czar.

70

In the Russian alliance there is in my opinion (according to the adage) a great cry and little wool. I question if Uncle Sam is not very much in the same position as Hobson with

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Hobson's choice. I see no other nation disposed to ally itself in earnest with America. Yankees swagger, and tell me they don't want alliances, and can do without them. One American (who like many others could see and was willing to acknowledge the errors of his countrymen) told me that in his opinion they would before long be heartily sick of the Russians. The papers once or twice were slightly abusive; but the Russians disarmed this anger by their conduct, which since their arrival has been unexceptionable.

There is an iron ram building here at present by Messrs. Webb. *Dronderberg* it is called, and is supposed to be the largest in the world; so, at least, it is assumed by the American papers. She draws very little water, 71 and has a flat keel with a fearful iron spur. The turret is clad with nine-inch iron, backed by three feet of timber. The inner timber is of 12-inch pine, and the rest of oak. It is much after the plan of the Confederate *Merrimac*, iron vessel. The turret, which is of oblong form, is sloped off, and contains ten or twelve guns of the largest size, which can discharge shot of from three to five hundred pounds in weight.

It promises to be a match for any vessel at present at sea; though perhaps if tested it would not be able to cope with less pretentious ones building in our own navy yards at home. The *Dictator*, now also building, is of the same class; and I believe the Government intend to construct a whole fleet of this description of vessel. I do not know whether they will prove as serviceable as is generally imagined, for the Americans hurry too much through their work, and cannot turn out such solid and serviceable vessels as ourselves. 72 They have just built an Italian vessel for Victor Emmanuel, which has sailed with a consort for Italy. The Italian Consul was not very well pleased with her, but it is said the officers were so thoroughly satisfied that a trial trip was deemed unnecessary.

Boston is also a great ship-building city; but whether the work turned out justifies the extravagant statements which from time to time appear in the newspapers, is matter of question. Should America go on at the present rate in the building of such vessels as have been referred to, she will undoubtedly become a very formidable power to encounter on the seas.

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The leading journals in America have been boasting (as is customary with them on all subjects) that the largest gun in the British service was the Armstrong 110-pounder. I was certainly unable to deny this assertion until I found a statement in the *Telegraphic News*, from Cape Race, 73 stating that the 600-pounder Armstrong had been successfully tried against iron plates; and I can assure my readers that, though the last item in the epitome of intelligence, it was by no means the least important to myself and others. I feel pretty well assured the Yankees will get their quietus on this point. The English Government have now, at length, sent over competent officers of the artillery service to see what guns, &c., the Yankees are casting.

The Americans are subject to periodical outbursts of indignant hatred against England, as false and selfish in the sympathy she has expressed for the South in its struggle for life and freedom. But these outbursts of a few must not be mistaken for a general clamour against our country. There is no subject on which the American people are more divided than the conduct of England throughout this war. The pothouse politicians, who have nothing to lose and everything 74 to gain, clamour for war with England; but men of station in the country and American gentlemen, who comprehend and acknowledge their country's errors, desire it not. We in England mistake the voices of these low rowdies for the feelings of the respectable community, and pronounce an adverse judgment upon the well-meaning and the honourable, as though they were associated with the vagabonds whose names have passed into a byword for everything empty, contemptible, and false. But time proves everything, and I can plainly perceive that mutual goodwill and esteem will ultimately exist between the two nations, when rowdies and blackguards shall be viewed in the proper light, and the evil they have done shall be thoroughly comprehended. It is one of the darkest features of a republican form of government that a large majority of the low and unprincipled should be able to overwhelm the minority of men of honour 75 and standing, who have the true interests of their noble country at heart.

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The great dislike to the greenback, and its depreciation over the water, has been in no small measure the origin of this dislike in some Yankee bosoms to England; and our premature refusal to lend them money to carry on the war, added to our readiness to assist their antagonists with a loan, did not tend to cool their indignation. The newspapers have also been uncommonly severe on these greenbacks, and the London Stock Exchange brokers even more so in their opinion of American security generally. The greenback of Mr. Chase finds no more favour in Havannah and the West Indies than it does in England, and the price of cigars in America is consequently very high. The best range from 15 to 25 cents each; those at 10 cents are to be purchased in England for 2d. (or 4 cents).

The theatres in New York are in no way 76 behind those in London in an artistic point of view, and much more airy, cleanly, and comfortable. The most fashionable is Wallack's Theatre, and the best Niblo's Gardens. The opera is generally very much patronized; then there is a small French theatre, admirably conducted, and well worth a visit. There is also the Olympic, elegant in itself, well ventilated and commodious, but slightly deficient in talent.

The performances at the Academy of Music and the concerts at Irving Hall are of the first order, and the company very select. The Winter Gardens (as they are called), for theatricals, are well worth a visit. Fox's Theatre, in the Old Bowery, must not be forgotten; and there are one or two more of different degrees of merit in that locality. Again, in Brooklyn they boast of an opera-house—called, I believe, Hooley's.

In black minstrels there is no deficiency, there being no less than three companies 77 amusing the Yankees in the Broadway—Bryant's (the best), Wood's, and Christy's. They are all clever, and amused me immensely. There is a very fair circus in the Broadway, and Van Amburgh's collection of wild beasts—a menagerie of the first order. There are two performing elephants, with mules and ponies. I went on the day of the opening. The cages were permanently fixed, cleanly, and airy, and the house prepared for a long exhibition.



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There was a great lump of an Irishwoman, weighing 670 pounds, with whom I entered into a long conversation, and with her were two wild children (from New Zealand, I believe), quite after the monkey species, stooping in their gait, as if in the habit of grovelling on the earth, in search of roots, from their infancy. One of them had a habit of grinning in a peculiar manner which seemed almost idiotic. This was a boy about sixteen years of age, whose forehead struck me as of the 78 most singular formation. He did nothing but chase about on all fours, and worry and annoy his keeper, pulling down and examining every article within his reach, and grinning at every person who might bestow on him any attention. His sister (at least, she was supposed to be so) was quieter, and even intelligent. They could speak no language that was intelligible, and the showman informed me they had not been long away from their native country. They very much resembled the Aztecs I saw in Paris, and were most unlike human beings. I learned, too, they are not very easily instructed, but they seemed quite happy and contented with their peculiar condition.

The Americans are great lovers of relics, and mementos of departed heroes. Their desire to procure antiquities from Europe is well known. Who has not heard of the enterprising Yankee who wanted to purchase Shakspeare's house at Stratford, and transport it bodily to his own favoured country? Surely for a treasure like this Chase would have sent over a shipload of greenbacks, with an eloquent supercargo to persuade us to take them.

The Yankees boast of their superior wealth, and seem to imagine that we are, as a country, a poorer nation; but they forget the broad acres of our landed aristocracy, the full coffers of our monied commoners, and the untold fortunes of our merchant princes. Why, one English nobleman's plate alone would save from bankruptcy at least three American bubble banks, and my Belgravian lady's jewellery would re-establish the credit of half-a-dozen Yankee firms. It would be as well if the Yankee would not shut his eyes to these stubborn facts, and would boast less of his own land when he comes here, remembering the saying, "A genuine article needs no puffing," for we may be sure when we see people

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constantly endeavouring to impress 80 upon others the fact of their own importance, that they have grave misgivings upon the subject themselves.

Looking through my note-book of humanity, I come upon a remarkable incident that occurred to me in one of the bye-streets of this city. I am now about to describe a wonderful *lusus naturæ* that will make my readers almost believe that I have imbibed the strong powers of imaginative description for which the Yankees are famous. It was my lot here to see one of the most extra-ordinary specimens of womankind that I suppose was ever heard of. She had been brought by enterprising speculators from the distant interior of the country, from the swampy wilds of Florida. It was stated that she was discovered by some hunters in a perfect state of primitive wildness, subsisting on roots, and leading a kind of Wild Peter life, far away from the haunts of man. On their approach, as their account went, she 81 precipitately fled, when one of the party discharged a rifle at her, and the ball striking her in the side, she fell severely wounded. On their arrival on the spot, they found she was a woman of apparently thirty years of age— black, hideous in appearance, and totally devoid of any knowledge of civilization, power of expressing herself, or language. From her crooked hands and peculiarly formed feet, they were induced to suppose that she had been leading a brute-like life in the woods all her days. Every attempt to cultivate her latent powers of intelligence had failed: they were only able to induce her to express by motion one or two ideas.

Now comes a question for philologists. Had the soul with which this woman was indubitably endowed at birth been buried in the oblivion of ignorance with which she had been surrounded? What would be the future of such a creature, or was there any? Was her lot to be a forgotten past, and an unenjoyed 82 present? or was she to share the fate of Pope's Indian, who, without any thought of ethics, or knowledge of futurity, looks up into the heavens, and

“Thinks, admitted to that even sky, His faithful dog shall bear him company.”

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In New York there are no zoological gardens. The newspapers have used much persuasion to prevail upon the authorities to purchase grounds and erect buildings for this purpose; and it is suggested that the travellers and captains of vessels who frequent the city would be likely to present rare and valuable animals to such an institution.

Meeting one of the keepers, I mentioned to him the fact that I had once in my possession a wild dog that had been presented to me by a farmer at the Cape of Good Hope, some few years previously. It was a pup—dark, striped, and not unlike a cat in general appearance. I saw the dead body of its mother, which had been shot. She was singularly marked in stripes of green and yellow, and had a very thick skin. My poor pup came to an untimely end, pining away for the loss of its dam; but its donor was more successful in one of the same litter that he reared. He brought his up in a manner that would astonish you. It was suckled by a Kaffir woman, and grew to be a very valuable animal.

With respect to the theatres, Wallack's is perhaps the one most worthy of notice. I was so highly pleased with a visit to this Thespian temple, that I cannot pass it by without notice. The piece, entitled "Rosedale, or the Rifle Volunteer Ball," was the best I had seen for years. The play is full of interesting scenes and adventurous plot. The hero, a little child, is stolen by the gipsies, and, after hairbreadth escapes and countless perils, is rescued by a dragoon officer. The parts were well enacted, and the "upholstery of the stage" was worthy of Charles Kean himself. The theatre is large and elegantly decorated, and the ventilation is well managed.

Then in the Broadway is "The American" —a place of amusement to which ladies are not admitted. Here, in addition to the "feast of reason and the flow of soul," the creature comforts of smoking and drinking abound *ad libitum*. I would recommend the fastidious not to come here, for the very frequenters of the place are obliged to keep the windows constantly open, to enable them to breathe something more invigorating than smoke. Ten

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years ago, girls danced here in a state of nudity; but the authorities have now effectually put down such exhibitions.

Barnum, the prince of showmen and humbugs, is ever worth a visit of 25 cents. To see the West Indian fish and the snakes is alone worth the money. The latter are the largest in the world. They are fed once a month. We must not forget to mention the 85 interesting couple, a giant and giantess, and the Liliputian mannikin, whose weight is only 18 pounds. Moreover, we have a theatrical performance and a waxwork exhibition. A whale and a hippopotamus are among the most conspicuous curiosities. Then the sea-horse! Poor creature, by swaying to and fro it has rubbed all the hair off its nose against the bars of its cage! And, oh ye lovers of music who have heard of musical fish, listen while I narrate the marvellous performance of Barnum's tutored seal. This wonderful animal comes up a spiral staircase, and voluntarily plays an air on a barrel-organ. I quite fell in love with him, "from his gentlemanly bearing and expressive eye." Then see with what skill he manoeuvres his difficult way, gazes on the spectators with a proud gratification at his own accomplishments, and with evident pleasure receives the applause of his delighted audience! After all, I was much pleased with 86 Barnum's museum, and recommend visitors not to leave New York without seeing it.

To say nothing of the minor places of amusement, the New Yorkers are much given to lectures. Indeed, they are always ready to appreciate anything that relates to the cultivation of the arts and sciences.

Then the stranger wandering through the streets must beware of all the snares that the needy set for the unwary—especially the mock auctions, or Peter-funks, as they are called. Suppose we enter one of these institutions. The auctioneer offers for disposal a dozen knives, and they are knocked down to us for 60 cents. We go to file clerk's department to pay for our bargain, when we find that we have to pay twelve times 60 cents, or twice the selling value of the articles. And this the Yankees would call doing a smart thing in a smart manner. I myself purchased at one of these places, one day, a

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dozen gold pens and a silver pencilcase 87 for a dollar, for which 18 dollars were extorted from me; and when I got home I found the whole worthless and spurious. O yes, this was very smart indeed! The day after my mishap, I complained to the police, and sought the aid of a detective. This was, after a great deal of objection, on the point of the vagabonds being licensed, most unwillingly granted me; and after an hour's threatening on our parts, and blustering on the parts of the swindlers, I succeeded in recovering my 18 dollars.

I do not think much of the breed of horses in New York; they are too weedy and poor, but are often good trotting animals. In price they now run high. A good horse will fetch 600 dollars, an indifferent one 500, and a pair of approved carriage horses would command an enormous sum—so much greater is the demand than the supply. The carriages are light, well built, and comfortable; but the coachmen are very forbidding in 88 their appearance, wearing long beards that, if anything, add to their ugliness.

There are no cabs here, and their absence is most inconvenient to strangers wishing to see everything. A company endeavoured to establish some, but, for various reasons, the project was given up as soon as entertained. I reckon Lord Bury would find this a grand field for the exercise of his conveyance-creating faculties. The New Yorkers are more appreciative of commercial speculation than the Londoners and he might find Broadway dollars a rare solace for the loss of Oxford Street sixpences.

Tramway omnibuses flourish here, and, except the post-carriages that ply at a dollar a trip, there are no public means of conveyance in the city. The Broadway is full of gaily-painted stages, under the care of one man, who discharges the double duty of driver and conductor. The fare is generally from five to six cents. Although tobaccochewing 89 is forbidden, in compliment to the ladies, the plug is still in use; and you may consider yourself fortunate if you can avoid the consequences. Very brave are these vehicles outside in paint and gilt, and their interiors are very gaudily fitted up. The driver is generally paid through a small hole in the front of the omnibus. He communicates with his passengers by means of a bell, and thumps violently on the roof if not paid. A leather

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strap attached to the door stops him, and when persons run after the omnibus, and seize the door to get in, the omnibus instantly stops. There is no act to limit the number of passengers, and the consequence is an immense over-crowding. I once rode in an omnibus constructed to hold ten, where seventeen were struggling for room to stand or sit. Strange to say, there are no outside seats, as in such vehicles in London. In frosty weather the pavement of Broadway is frightfully slippery, and a 90 storekeeper of a large bookshop told me that he had counted as many as nineteen horses down in one hour before his door. Should such a misfortune happen, no crowd gathers, as would be the case in London, but people take such things in a very quiet sort of manner, passing on unconcernedly about their business. There is plenty of rivalry among the stages, and an exciting race is often terminated with disastrous results—the drivers running recklessly across and into each other. I myself once saw a young girl knocked down by one of these excited Jehus, and had she not been wonderfully quick in her movements, she must have been killed on the spot.

The tramways invented by Train have been found very successful here, and I certainly consider them useful in the extreme. Mr. Train is in appearance and manners a quiet, gentlemanly-looking man; and it is difficult to reconcile the invective stump oratorical 91 vituperator of England, full of low abuse and gross misrepresentation, with the handsome, frank appearance of the man himself. But doubtless his reminiscences of England are not of the pleasantest. His schemes for, improving the streets of London were frustrated by popular opinion, and he lost large sums of money over a fruitless project. The pecuniary damage he sustained in a case against a worthy baronet, chairman of a great London bank, doubtless did not tend to ameliorate his disappointment.

However, in this capital of a go-ahead country, Mr. Train has found plenty of admirers, and his introductions are much valued. Now it seems strange to me that his rails should not be protected from the damage of the wear and tear of unprepared wheels. But, no, all carts are allowed to use them; and the consequence is much loss to the owners. The carriages of these tramroads are very commodious, and exceedingly pleasant 92 after

the *confines* of an ordinary stage. Outside is a small plateau, which holds about six extra; and the number generally taken in one carriage amounts to sixty or seventy. Horses are attached to these cars at either end. You are charged at the close of your trip. The fare is five cents, and for a distance of eight miles, I was only charged six cents (for a journey to Haarlem—one hour and twenty minutes). On this expedition I passed the central dépôt for the tramways, that reminded me of a large London railway station. It was a scene of the greatest bustle and preparation. Some horses were being attached to the vehicles, and others led to the stables. It is satisfactory to state that the shares of this undertaking are at a premium. For general passengers the “trams” stop too often. This is managed with powerful breaks of ingenious construction. You can easily tell when the train is coming by the tinkling of the bells attached to the horses' harness.

### CHAPTER VI.

A Glance at the map of American railways at once shows us that the means of communication between town and town are ample. To attempt to describe the numerous lines, and their dependents and branches, would be impossible. It is worthy of remark that generally there is only one class of carriages, and the rates are moderate in the extreme. The engines are very formidable affairs, having a projecting iron in front, like a huge ploughshare, that would drive a bullock off the line forty or fifty yards without checking the velocity of the train. The chimneys have the shape of inverted cones, and present a very peculiar appearance.

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Many of these railways, as investments, are as safe and sound as those in England. At the present rate of exchange (about 178), they must be very cheap for any Englishman intending to remain long in the country. The exchange is also on the rise. The New York Central Railway is perhaps *the funds* (if I may be allowed to say so) of all the American railways in prices. As the Central Railway rises or falls, the price of most other shares and companies is affected. The present prices I learn are much inflated, however. The

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probability is the value in greenbacks will much decrease, and the dividends will have to be paid in this currency as a matter of course; but the price of traffic can be raised accordingly.

I should consider them far preferable to Mr. Chase's six per cent. 5.20 and 4.40 bonds (as they are called), with interest at six per cent., payable in gold—redeemable, at the option of the Government, in five or twenty years.

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We ought not to neglect a slight description of the railway carriages. They are of great length, and persons can pass from carriage to carriage on the passage (which is dangerous), or at a station. These carriages contain about thirty-six seats, with a passage up the centre. Each seat holds two persons, and seventy can conveniently ride in each carriage. Hawkers of refreshments are allowed to enter at every station, which is really a nuisance, and not unlike the worry of a Gravesend boat on a Sunday. Papers are vended as in England. The tickets are collected on the journey, and there is no trouble in finding your baggage. The stations are called out by the officials in the train ere arriving at them, and on arrival of the train at the terminus. This official inquires to what hotel or house you wish your boxes forwarded. There is no further trouble. Deliver up your baggage ticket (a brass number), and make your mind easy about it. The carriages 96 in winter are warmed by means of stoves. Filtered water is to be had in them also, and looking-glasses; and the needful accommodation for a long journey, The cushions are not very good. A line connects the whole train, to warn the stokers of any danger in the case of carriages becoming detached by accident. There is an especial carriage for smokers, which heaven knows is necessary, for the spitting consequent on chewing is sufficiently disgusting without being smothered by clouds of smoke. Here, as elsewhere, the Yankee spits incessantly; and in truth floods the floor of the carriage so much as to render persons unaccustomed to such sights quite sick. There is also a ladies carriage; and sometimes, on long journeys, a refreshment or “liquor-bar” is attached to the trains.



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In New York, as in London, there are large markets abundantly stocked with the good things of life—fish, meat, and all kinds of vegetables, which are purchased in great quantities by the restaurants, hotel-keepers, saloon and boarding house proprietors, and others. There are numerous drug stores, or chemists' shops—very gay indeed outside, and well stored within; and, considering the war, the prices are not so exorbitant. The proprietors of these establishments take great care to convince the public of the strengthening virtues of their bitters, placarding their excellences in every direction. The names of these bitters is legion, but those prepared by Drake, and Hofland's golden bitters, are the most popular. Of all quack medicines these bear the palm in America.

I find that the Americans are dependent upon us for many things. Glass they cannot bring to such perfection as we can; broadcloth is both dear and ill manufactured. The Emanuels of Broadway are Bull and Black, the jewellers whom the Prince of Wales honoured with a visit during his late sojourn in New York; and their shop is certainly resplendent with rare gems and valuable diamonds: still I do not think that for show and costliness Broadway jewellers' shops can compete with ours in London. For the *genus gent*, there is manufactured a glittering sham called the Californian diamond, which is really a very good imitation of the pure brilliant.

The hair-dressers drive a splendid trade: the charge for shaving is 25 cents, and for hair-cutting twice the amount you would expect to pay in England.

They are very clever in the invention of fire-arms. The monster cannon lately come out, it is said, will send a shot of 800 lbs. certainly as far as Armstrong's, and they have fashioned a gun which will carry eight miles. Other inventions have the Yankees to boast of. For instance—believe it all ye careful matrons of Middlesex—a baby-feeding machine; though this has turned out a 99 failure, requiring the constant attendance of a person to make it act. The pistols are wonderful specimens of art; there are tiny pets of revolvers, that seem to be made for the ornament of a lady's work-box—little weapons with hair

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triggers, that go off almost as soon as they are touched. The inventor of one of these shot off his own finger and frightfully shattered his hand by accident.

Fruit is very abundant in the summer, the visitor revelling in pears, grapes, apples, and whortle-berries, to say nothing of the melons and strawberries. There are numerous stalls kept in the streets by Bedouin Irishmen, where roasted chesnuts and other fruits are vended. They are more generally patronized than in England,

Pastry is rather dear, considering the price of flour; but when we call to mind the fact that sugar is now a very scarce commodity, we may, perchance, account for it.

Boot-cleaning is a profession entirely monopolized 100 by the black boys; they charge 5 cents, which is a great deal too much. In the hotels your boots are not left at your door till noon. The boot-boy is a nuisance for which you are taxed 10 cents; and if he is Irish, you may make up your mind to the additional affliction of an insolent tongue. The Hibernians flourish here, and revel in animosity against England and her government, and the cruel oppression of the insatiable Saxon. I do not think New York is improved by its immigrants from the Green Isle.

Beef we do not get in perfection; yet in the hotels they will give you a "porter-house steak:" that is a rare dish indeed, full of succulent gravy and rich flavour. This dainty is cut from the sirloin, about an inch thick; when the meat is brought to table almost raw, they smack their lips and call it "rare," which disgusted me not a little. The mustard is generally of a very inferior quality, and the 101 vinegar invariably bad. The latter is manufactured from the white apples, the same that they use in Germany. I cannot commend the rules of the dinner-table; you are expected to make the most of your time, and enjoy a sort of prandial scramble for the good things before you; then it is not pleasant to see a man eating peas with his knife, and immediately afterwards dip it in the saltcellar. In such houses as the Brevoort or the Clarendon, a better decorum is observed, but these are not conducted on American principles.

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The sportsman will always be repaid for a tour through the United States, for there is abundance of fishing and shooting, though generally the game is not so good as in Canada. The trout, pike, and dace are plenteous in most of the rivers; and hares, quails, and ducks to be had for the shooting —the latter being especially abundant near Baltimore. About 150 miles from New York 102 there is deer-stalking to be had; but the animals are generally very shy, and difficult to shoot.

The angling is very good. They have many of the same fish that we possess; and in addition the sailor fish, the sheepshead fish, and the bass. The latter I found a lively sport-giving fish, to be angled for in the autumn. It especially abounds near Harfleur.

The architectural beauties of New York are very much disfigured by the tall gaunt telegraph posts that abound all over the city; but *usus non forma* seems to be the motto of the Americans.

But it is when the city has donned her winter garments of snow that she looks the fairest. All is bustle and excitement. The sleighs, driven with speed over the white street, filled with charming fur-muffled ladies, are a pretty sight. The jingling bells, tinkling with merry sweetness, enhance the enchantment of the scene. The coachmen 103 manage their horses with marvellous skill. Before the New Yorkians venture on the ice, they exercise themselves on wheel skates. I was passing down the Broadway one day, when I saw in a room of some dimensions a gentleman and lady skating over the floor, with apparently as much grace and elegance as if they were on the ice. This practice succeeds in a wonderful measure in developing the muscles of the leg, and strengthening the ancles. These parlour skates are purchasable for about four dollars a pair. But I think this art is not so popular or so well practised as in Canada or Denmark. To be a most perfect skater is to skate on the smallest possible space of ice. The ladies flock in great numbers to the Fifth Avenue Pond and Central Park to skate. Here you may see all the fashion and the beauty of the city, watching or taking part in the healthy sports. In the Central Park (which is free for admission) from 20,000 to 50,000 persons may be seen. 104 The Fifth Avenue Pond

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is situated between 58th and 59th Streets, and is more select, by reason of the charges, which are 5 dollars for gentlemen and 2 dollars for ladies. The ladies do not ride much; but in the Central Park (which is the Rotten Row of New York) they are to be seen enjoying horse exercise. Poor things, they want exercise much, after toasting themselves for days before the stoves. Despite the great pleasure and fun of skating, and its constitutional advantages, it is at times attended with very serious consequences to imprudent young ladies. Some three years since a young lady in New York had been out skating, contrary to the wishes of her parents, and returning home with frozen feet she placed them in hot water to avoid detection. Mortification immediately set in, and both extremities had to be amputated to save her life.

The general business of the streets is done by expresses, which are spring vans, or a kind of London Parcel Delivery Company. I should think there are upwards of a dozen kinds. They take goods from the ships to the stores, and other rendezvous. They swarm in the Broadway, and frequently a collision occurs through the carelessness of their drivers.

The cemeteries of New York are numerous, and at the present time fraught with peculiar interest. Dickens mentions in his "American Notes" with much feeling the "Stranger's Grave." Here those wanderers who die at the hotels or boarding-houses are buried. How little did I think when I read that work how near it might be my lot to add one more to the list of buried strangers. There is to me something so pathetic in the very term, the *stranger's* grave—so suggestive of suffering and sickness, unalleviated by the anxious care of wife, mother, or sister. I can picture the hireling's mock sympathy, the tearless faces round the death-bed, the dread of being laid for ever in a foreign grave, where the forms of the loved ones at home might never kneel, or their hands might never plant a flower. Had I died there, would they have brought me back to the family vault at Horstead, in Norfolk?—who knows! When we die among our nearest and dearest, we are soon enough forgotten; but when on a foreign shore, when distance has used them to our absence, how short is likely to be the time of mourning. Still hope leads us on to indulge in fonder expectations, and we believe against daily experience that ours may be

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an exception to the common lot. But what matters it whether we be regretted a day or a year? the time must come when we shall return to our mother clay, and the memory of our very being shall fade away from the earth.

Greenwood is the largest cemetery in the country. It covers a space of upwards of forty acres. The grounds are laid out in the most picturesque style, and this last resting-place of the dead is replete with every beauty. The large Silver Lake is alone worth a visit, 107 especially when the summer's sun tinges the waters with its deepening rays. It is situate about five miles from New York. The grounds are full of costly monuments and marble tombs, the most beautiful of which are brought from Italy.

But the sight-seers must go and look at the magnificent mausoleum, that was raised to the memory of an unhappy girl, who died a sudden death in the moment of her happiness. She was the daughter of a wealthy merchant. Rich, gay, and amiable, she was the admired of all admirers. One of these succeeded in engaging her affections. The day for their wedding was fixed, the cup of happiness was at her lips, when death, with a ruthless hand, dashed it down. Just before the time appointed for her marriage, she was going to an evening party, when her carriage came into collision with another vehicle, and the unhappy girl was dashed to the ground, and killed on the spot. The desolation and grief 108 of her lover is past all description. He never recovered the blow that robbed him of all that was dear to him. Her immense dowry of 300,000 dollars was expended in this splendid tomb, that the grief-stricken father erected to the memory of his lost child.

The Roman Catholic cemetery of Williamsburg, about three miles from New York, possesses a fine chapel for the celebration of masses. The churches of New York are perhaps the most beautiful and numerous of any city in the world. Their interiors are handsomely decorated, and the quaint stained glass windows shed a subdued solemn light over the edifice. Trinity is the most magnificent of the Episcopal buildings; all that art can do in the way of costly sculptures, exquisite carvings, and gorgeous emblazonings,

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has been done here. The churchyard contains the ashes of some of the most illustrious men in the annals of the country.

The Americans are innocent of church-rates, 109 and the religious buildings are self-supporting institutions. Government does nothing for them. There is no Established Church, in fact; but the Episcopalians are the most influential body. However, all religious persuasions flourish unmolested, from the Hebrew synagogue ruler to the leather-throated itinerant ranter. In all, there are upwards of three hundred places of worship, well attended by decent, orderly congregations, adding much to the spiritual morality of the people and the physical beauty of the city.

A fire is a common occurrence in New York, but the brigades of firemen are managed so effectively that one seldom hears of any great damage being done. The steam fire-engine is a marvel of perfection in machinery, and reflects highly on the ingenuity and adaptation of the Americans. When the alarm-bell sounds, the firemen mount to the top of a tall pole, and at their signal engine after engine comes galloping to the spot, 110 drawn by willing men and shouting boys. What a crowd will the cry of "Fire!" always call together in a large city. See them as with wild haste they tear along the streets to the scene of action. In an incredibly short space of time the steam is up, the men are at work, and the hose are belching forth their streams of water on the burning mass. It is a fight between the two elements of water and fire—between the flames and the brave hearts that battle against them. There are lives to be saved, too, for see how that gallant-hearted fellow, with the hatchet in his hand, makes his way through the choking smoke and envious flames, and amid the cheers of the crowd, now mad with excitement, bears back the fainting form of some weak girl, who, charred, blistered, and scorched, clings with terrified, convulsive eagerness to her lion-hearted deliverer. All honour, say we, to the fire-brigade, and the gallant fellows who form it! The house, 111 which stands in the centre of a huge block of buildings, is blazing mightily; the engines clank, the dashing of the water roars, the ground

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shakes with the conflict, but at last the water warriors are victorious, and the fire that but an hour ago threatened to devastate the street in its devouring wrath, as Pope says—

“Like a tall bully, lifts its head and lies.”

We must not forget to visit the Egyptian Museum, full of rare curiosities and valuable relics, many of them upwards of three thousand years old,—emaciated mummies from the pyramids, and hieroglyphical vestments that Cheops himself may have worn.

Philological and scientific societies in New York are very popular. Charitable institutions flourish everywhere, for the Americans are remarkable for their generosity and benevolence. In New York, too, there is a very creditable university, and there are many 112 good educational establishments for the training of youths preparatory to their entrance therein. Education is highly esteemed in America, and among the lower orders knowledge is very successfully propagated. In our own country the agriculturists are as a class the most neglected in their trainings; but take my word for it, here you will find it quite the contrary. The western farmers are many of them highly educated, possessing in many instances not only an accurate knowledge of modern languages and the sciences, but even a fair acquaintance with Latin and Greek. This may in some measure be accounted for by the fact that many citizens, having made their fortunes, retire into the country to enjoy their “ *Otium cum dignitate* ,” and, finding an idle life too monotonous, take to farming their own estates.

There are hosts of physicians in New York, and in fact throughout America. One college alone, that of the Fourth Avenue, boasting 113 of eight professors, grants more than two hundred diplomas yearly. Most of these obtain ready employment. I do not doubt but that the constant use of tobacco, and the pernicious extremes of climate, greatly tend to increase the doctor's labours. Anyhow, there are plenty of surgeons, and these have had abundant occupation since the outbreak of the war.

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New York boasts of a picture gallery that they call "The Institute of the Fine Arts," and an academy of design; the latter is something in the same style as the Kensington Museum at Brompton. Here there are numbers of excellent oil and water-colour paintings.

The Central Park, the Kensington Gardens of New York, is about twice the size of Hyde Park, and with its broad space of 850 acres has a very imposing appearance. There is a carriage drive eight miles long, and the park abounds in beautiful trees, lakes, streams, and 114 sloping mounds. On a summer's day I do not know a more charming retreat.

Then there are the rustic bridges, the reservoir, and the vista rock, whence may be seen Westchester and the course of the East River. Near the right-hand entrance stands that imposing edifice, the Armoury; but I understand this is to be rased, and a more extensive one erected in another quarter.

I was glad to find that the Yankees had sufficient poetry in their dispositions to appreciate the exquisite scenery on the banks of the Hudson river. As we glide down the stream of this giant of waters, in one of the floating palaces that ply between town and town on the river, the vision is like a dream of fairy land. Most tourists find time for this trip, especially if the season of their visit be the sunny summer, when one is glad to leave the choking, haggard city, for the glorious freedom of Nature's own resting-place. The banks are endeared by historical associations. 115 Spot after spot is remarkable in the annals of history as the scene of some hard-fought fight, when the hand of liberty was laid on the throat of oppression.

And now we come to Westpoint, a town famous for its military academy, situate about fifty miles from New York. Foremost among the names of heroes, who graduated at this institution, are Jefferson Davis and General Scott. The cadets are dressed in a becoming grey uniform, with a cap of light blue. About two miles hence is a statue erected to the memory of the immortal patriot Kosciusko.



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The very generations of the dead Are swept away, and tomb inherits tomb, Until the memory of an age is fled, And, buried, sinks beneath its offspring's doom: Where are the epitaphs our fathers read? Save a few gleaned from the sepulchral gloom, Which once named myriads nameless lie beneath, And lose their own in universal death.

Literature finds a welcome home in I 2 116 America. Books and newspapers are sold everywhere at a very cheap rate, and the Yankees are justly proud of having invented the mammoth printing machine which the *Times* uses, that strikes off thousands of copies in an hour. Most of the works of our best authors are sold here under the retail price in England. For 25 cents, a collection from our standard authors is sold that would in England be considered cheap at double the price. But all this is accounted for by the unblushing piracy of American publishers. Surely some day an international law will be passed to stay the hands of these literary ghouls, who feast and grow fat on the brains of poor unprotected writers. If an American were to rob an Englishman of his merchandise, he would be morally and legally condemned as an evil-doer, but he may pilfer the writer of his labours, rob him of his stock in trade, steal his goods, and seize his property, and no law can punish the thief. But *spero* 117 *meliora* , and I trust the time will soon come when Yankee publishers will have an effectual check put to their smart practices.

The first newspaper published in America was the *Boston News* , a series of letters issued by John Campbell on the leading events of the day, started in the year 1704, and continued by different proprietors for twenty-two years. A copy of this is to be seen in the “Cabinet for Antiquarians” in Worcester, a town about fifty miles from Boston.

The leading journals of the city are *The New York Herald*, *The Daily Tribune*, *The Times* , and *Harper's Illustrated Paper*. The New Yorkians are great news-mongers; they have no less than fifteen daily papers, besides the illustrated and weekly ones. But it must not be supposed that the conduction of all these is based on sound ethics and moral principles. I was told of one “smart” editor who made a fortune in the following original manner. It is said that he used to 118 visit the most disreputable places of amusement for

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the purpose of seeing who attended them. Should he spy any man of respectability, whose professional character was most dear to him, he would pounce upon the unlucky victim—perhaps some weak-minded parson—and parade his name in the columns of his paper, giving a highly coloured account of his misdoings. The unfortunate stray sheep, or stray shepherd, as the case might be, would call at the journal office and upbraid the editor for his heartless exposure. “Sir,” would be the answer of this remarkably *smart* man, “give me two hundred dollars, and I'll publish an apology in to-morrow's edition, declare the whole thing a fib or a blunder, and wind up with a long panegyric on your immaculate life and Christian character.” There was a case of *smartness* with a vengeance!

The printing-offices are underground, and the steam escapes through a trap-door into 119 the street. A jet of this vapour, rising in the middle of the road, is very likely to frighten a shy horse, and is otherwise very objectionable.

In their accounts and sketches of the present war, none of their northern papers can be confidently relied on, not even the widest circulated of them—the *New York Herald*, the *Times*, or *Tribune*, &c. Extra numbers are very often sent out late in the evening filled with imaginary victories, and lists of dangerous rebels killed in action. These are always sold at twice the cost of the morning editions. I was so frequently taken in by these fabricated dispatches, that before long I gave up faith in them altogether. I shouldn't be cajoled into purchasing another, but would rather study the rise and fall of gold as a true indication of Northern progress. Then you have the brokers' accounts of the war. These fellows, by a well-organised system of circulating false rumours, 120 often make their 10,000 dollars in a few hours.

It must not be supposed that the New York papers traduce their enemies alone. They often let out false squibs at their friends, and I saw a most remarkable one in the *New York Herald* of 28th November, 1863, to the following effect. That paper stated that the authorities in Washington were pretty well seas-over at a public dinner, and that after the cloth had been removed, and the wines freely circulated and enjoyed, they, in the intensity

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of their Bacchanalian rejoicings, called in one Miles O'Reilly (a private soldier of the United States army) to give them a ribald song on the reported scandal case of Lord Palmerston and Mrs. O'Kane. The authorities, of course, never took the slightest notice of this piece of would-be humour, and passed it over with the silent contempt it merited.

This Miles O'Reilly is the reputed author 121 of many songs having a political tendency. One of these, likely to work on the feelings of the soldiers, I subjoin.

Air: *The Low-backed Car.*

Some tell us 'tis a burning shame To make the niggers fight, And that the thrade of being kilt Belongs but to the white; But as for me, upon my soul, So liberal are we here, I'll let Sambo be murdered instead of myself On every day in the year.

On every day in the year, boys, And in every hour of the day, The right to be kilt I'll divide with him, And divil a word I'll say.

In battle's wild commotion, I shouldn't at all object If Sambo's body should stop a ball That was coming for me direct; And the prod of a Southern bayonet— So generous are we here — I'll resign, and let Sambo take it, On every day in the year.

So hear we all, boys, darlins, Don't think I'm tippin' you chaff, The right to be kilt we'll divide with him, And give him the largest half.

122

The very talented and candid articles of the *Times*, our ablest paper, on the financial and war proceedings of the North, has drawn down upon it virulent attacks from those who are accustomed to the biassed statements of a hireling press, and who cannot understand the salutary effects of a little timely admonition.

The *New York Herald* is the great advertising paper in America. The best and readiest way to get a wife (or possibly to get a mistress), to have your fortune told, or your pocket picked

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by quacks of every profession, may be readily gleaned from the advertising columns of this journal.

The editors of these papers at times settle their frequent disputes (arising from gross personal attacks) by a challenge with a revolver. They fight now with but one barrel of a revolver loaded; the remaining five barrels are unloaded. I questioned a respectable Yankee as to the cause of this, and he told 123 me that it was done in order to prevent one party from firing into the other after the first mutual exchange. This caution was not adopted until many fatal warnings drove them to so necessary a step.

### CHAPTER VII.

The laws of the country of which the Yankees are so proud, and which, perhaps, are just enough in theory, are practically a farce in many of their procedures. It is a common occurrence to see the lawyers who are candidates for the vacant judgeships drinking in the lowest grog-shops with some of the most disreputable characters upon town, and treating and shaking hands with the very men they may have to rescue or convict of some disgraceful crime. It can easily be imagined that men who will condescend to court the favour of such scum (with a view to their elevation to the bench), will not be very dignified judges.

125

But this subject of the American laws has been so often discussed by such able pens that I will not enter further into it, but only just mention it *en passant*. Perfection has never belonged to any human laws, but so far as I have seen, the civil and criminal proceedings of the American courts need a thorough reform, for in no respect are the Americans more open to censure than in the fact that their justice is the most saleable commodity of the market.

A man in America finds the almighty dollar the best medium of appeal to a judge's mercy. It far surpasses the eloquent emotion of Serjeant Buzfuz, or the trembling unwillingness of

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the shrinking prosecutor, worried to confusion by contending counsel. One might parody Shakspeare, and say—

The quality of mercy is not strained; 'Tis strong as is the mountain-dew of Erin; 'Tis singly blessed: it blesseth him that gives, *Not* him that takes.

126

Many of their gravest judgments reflect as little credit on the judges as does the Townley case on the decision of the doctors.

The State of New York abounds in beautiful scenery, and the neighbourhood of the city possesses many exquisite spots, as Staten Island, Hoboken, and dozens of pretty places well worth a visit.

They are very fond of lionising in New York, but the hero is only the hero of the hour; he sinks below the horizon of peculiarity almost ere he has gained his blushing honours. Wilkes, McClellan, Train, Cassius Clay, Horatio Seymour, have fretted and strutted on the stage of popular favour, and, having had their short say, retired into oblivion. Beecher Ward has his reign now, but his day will soon be over, I expect. I do not think that this divine was properly understood in England. He came amongst us to plead for what he thought was the right—came as a patriot burning with honest enthusiasm for 127 his struggling country. Mr. Beecher is a man of fine ability, and speaks with the vigour of an earnest man, tempered with the moderation of a Christian.

Of the *fête* days, the 23rd of February, Washington's birthday, is held in most veneration. There are public demonstrations everywhere. The 4th of July, the anniversary of American independence, is also a day of universal rejoicing and festivity. The bells are rung, the shops closed, a general holiday is declared, the guns are fired, cares are cast aside, national vexations are forgotten—for it was upon this day that the tree of American liberty was planted—it was on this day that the paternal rule of the old country was thrown aside,

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and the United States became a self-governing, recognised country, and took its place among the free legislations of the earth.

The 25th of November is likewise a *dies fastus* with the Yankees, for it was on this 128 day eighty years ago the British soldiers retired before the illustrious Washington, who entered the city with great pomp. There is a celebrated picture of this triumphal entry, prints of which may be seen in most American houses. This day is formally distinguished in New York by a great military parade; but on this, the anniversary of 1863, the demonstration is confined to a march of the Washington guard. Three of the original guard, alas! only remain; and apparently these will soon for ever join their dead comrades.

On the subject of American currency, it is scarcely necessary to say that the decimal system is entirely used. The dollar note and the cent notes are the sole representatives of the present money. One hundred cents make the immortal dollar; and originally four dollars and eighty cents represented an English sovereign. The amounts of the dollar notes (greenbacks) in currency are 1, 2, 5, 10, 20, 50, 100, and 1000 dollars.

129

There are numerous banks in America issuing all they are permitted in paper money. There are various kinds of these bank-notes, all differing entirely in appearance; and some very queer-looking worn-out specimens representing dollars. The New York banks are numerous, and the names of some are eccentricas—as the Shoe and Leather Bank, the Tradesmen's Bank, the Bull's Head Bank, the Grocer's Bank, the Republic Bank. The largest and best of them is the Metropolitan, with a tremendous capital.

Counterfeits in the Government notes are very numerous, and in spite of the Yankee assertion that such was not possible, some eight persons have been detected in endeavouring to pass off 20-dollar notes (forgeries), very cleverly made. The cents come out in the form of small pieces of paper called shin-plasters by the disrespectful Yankee;

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and for amounts are 5, 10, 25, 50 cents—a rather K 130 trashy currency, and easily worn out, especially if wet.

Mr. Chase has lately introduced a new description of “shin-plaster” (or cent note), which is to circulate through the veins of the country, to the rescue and assistance of its generally disliked brother. Why he had recourse to this novelty I do not know; perhaps its face being new to the country, and so totally different in appearance, might in his estimation meet with a fair reception. It is not unlike the paper we find on a Paris Pomade-divine jar, and tears and splits at every turn. The people will not take it if at all defaced or worn. The back is sometimes pink or lavender coloured, varying according to the amount; and has the often-repeated countenance of poor Washington stamped upon it, to ensure it a character for respectability and genuineness.

There is an extensive Handbook published; in fact, quite a Banking Directory; which is 131 an essential pocket companion to every man of business. It is very difficult sometimes to change large dollar notes without it, especially if they are not Government ones.

Mr. Chase and the President have be-thought themselves of a plan for rendering the currency of these banks of a uniform description, by supplying them all with the national greenbacks. The English sovereigns are much prized in America. The cent, or half-penny, is becoming scarce. The coin is made of a metal resembling German silver; and as it is always current, the Jews and others save it up, that they may be certain of the value of their money notwithstanding any fluctuations of the markets. I have no doubt that a great fall in the value of paper money will shortly take place. The number of notes increases daily; and of course the value of them decreases proportionately. The national debt is one that can never be redeemed; and Mr. Chase's 5.20, 7.30 dollar bonds have excited K 2 132 the ridicule of the leading London journals. The expenses of the war are daily increasing, and unless larger notes are issued the greatest difficulties may arise. Some of the greenbacks *very appropriately* bear the likeness of Mr. Chase; others are stamped with the heads of Lincoln or Washington, with the words “The United States will pay

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bearer," &c., &c. Though gold and silver rise daily, neither have arrived at the premium predicted by the London *Times*, but I do not say it is improbable. In England, during our war with nearly all the civilized world, an English sovereign (or guinea) was worth about twenty-nine shillings; and our Three per Cents. once touched 47—a circumstance to which the Yankees refer with great glee. Comparing this fact with the depreciation of Mr. Chase's paper millennium, is at once ridiculous, and shows the blind infatuation of our over-confident, boasting cousins, who must learn disagreeable truths by hard-earned 133 experience alone. The present comparatively low premium on gold is mainly due to the successes that have attended the Federal armies under General Grant. His brilliant achievements south-west have raised again the drooping spirits of the nation, and kept life in the financial system, so nearly reduced to an extremity by the blundering of Mr. Chase and the suppression by Lincoln of all that was likely to benefit the country. No doubt, had the General been close enough to have been checked by the Washingtonians by the click of the telegraph, this good would not have resulted to the North, or glory to the General himself.

So much has been written on American politics, and so little interest is attached to them by Europeans unacquainted with their eccentric nature, that I will be as brief as possible.

First come the Republicans and the Black Republicans. The former are for the retention 134 of slavery in those states that seem to need its maintenance. The latter are for no slavery, and the confiscation of all rebel property. They are also called Abolitionists.

Again, more strictly speaking, there are three kinds of Democratic parties in New York; at least there are three assemblages dividing this faction: firstly, the people who gather together at Tammany Hall; secondly, the followers of M'Keon; and, thirdly, the adherents of the Mozart Hall meetings. The Tammany Hall division is the most powerful, and puts its faith entirely in M'Clellan; and when we come to consider how popular he is with the soldiery, now that they are allowed to vote, I am half inclined to think that General Grant will find in him an opponent.



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The Republicans and Germans to a man support General Fremont; whilst the little M'Clellan is the idol of the States-rights party, and is also popular with a portion of the Democrats. This hero owes his favoured 135 position in no little measure to the energy of his enterprising wife. She is quite a Florence Nightingale in her missions of mercy to the sick and wounded soldiers, and is held in loved esteem by them.

In my opinion General Grant is the most likely man to succeed to the Presidentship at the next election.

Party spirit runs very high in the North, and frequently a political difference of opinion ends in a bloody quarrel, when pistols are called in to settle the dispute. My advice is, avoid politics even in conversation, if you would retain a whole skin. It is a touchy subject at present. As for the war and its probable upshot, who can tell what the future shall bring forth? Much assuredly depends upon whether Lincoln is President again or not. He may keep his position by main force, or he may be made to yield to a more powerful man.

The jobbers, brokers, and Wall Street contractors 136 and gamblers, who are rich and overbearing from the profits wrung out from the war by the careless mismanagement of the administration, are the only persons (with some rowdies and pothouse politicians) who seem very earnest for a prolongation of his term. The main body of the people seem indifferent, and I think the danger of Mr. Lincoln's persisting in being re-elected very great, will lead to his defeat, and perhaps the breaking up of the detestable Republican Government; and my humble opinion is that if this Government by its usual dark ways succeeds in holding its ground, a bloody revolution will ensue, probably terminating in the overthrow of the Republic itself.

That Lincoln is jealous, and fears such an end, is palpable from the fact of his removal of General M'Clellan from his post of command, the moment he had made himself a position sufficiently dignified for a rival; though, indeed, the ex-Commander-in-Chief's 137 popularity lay rather more with the army than with the people. One fact, however, is

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patent, that the North are much more in earnest than the English journals imagine, though military and financial waste and incapacity have done much to depress the ardour that in the early days of the war evaporated from Yankee bosoms in so much bombast. But there is still a deal of fighting mettle amongst them, and they give fair promise, in spite of English sneers, to perform what they have attempted at so much cost. They charge us over the water with insincerity and inconsistency in lending our sympathy, and so far as we dared our assistance, to the supporters of a system we once so strenuously condemned. But, as I often told them, we in England are not so sure that the North fight for the abolition of slavery. At one time Lincoln would have compromised, and issued a proclamation permitting slavery in the border States, to save those States to the Union. 138 In his inaugural address, he said, "I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it at present exists. I believe I have no lawful authority to do so, nor are my inclinations for attempting it." Compare these words with the spirit of the lately issued proclamation, and then see if you must not find him guilty of treachery to his own statements.

The people for the present refuse to reflect for themselves, and continue to cheer and hiss as occasion may demand, and grow splenetic with those who, from seeing clearer than they the terrible precipice they are fast approaching, candidly forewarn them of their danger. Indeed, the masses are puzzled with the conflicting things they daily hear and see, and are timorous—till some great political earthquake shall thoroughly arouse them—in opposing the theories and measures of those in power. That a fearful political crisis is near at hand I feel assured. Lincoln and his 139 party can never persist in a policy so fiercely though silently resented. I have heard a loyal Northerner aver that the rights of the Southern States were most grossly infringed upon by the measures that forced them into this deadly conflict. A few days since the Democratic and Conservative members of Congress met in the Capitol, with the Hon. J. L. Dawson as chairman, and unanimously adopted the following resolutions, proposed by the Hon. James Brook, of New York: "That the President's proclamation of the 8th of December (that to which I refer) is unwise,

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inexpedient, revolutionary and unconstitutional, and is therefore disapproved; and also, that as gold and silver are paid to the ministers, consuls, and commissioners representing the nation in foreign parts, and gold and silver are received from the people at the Custom House, and the people are taxed to pay capitalists their interest in specie by those who made a public debt; 140 therefore be it resolved that sailors, soldiers, &c., be paid in gold and silver, or their equivalent in amount; and be it also resolved that the chairman of this meeting be instructed to prepare amendments to the army and navy bills to that effect.”

This is only one of the many instances of disaffection to the present Government. The Northerners groan in spirit at the load that is hourly accumulating on their back, and sinking them from a prosperous people into a nation of malcontents, desperadoes, and bankrupts.

It seems to me that the Confederates have too many friends in the North for the Federals to have much hope of success. Their house is divided against itself, and must fall. Before they can undertake to cure the evils of rebellious members, they must eradicate the disease of discontent and treachery that is preying on their whole internal system. I myself am under the belief that the time is not far distant when members of 141 the Democratic faction will openly in the House of Congress unburden their minds, and speak out their bitter dissatisfaction, without dread of Lincoln and his satellites, and will go so far as to express actual sympathy with the South.

The North relies on the vastness of her resources, and on the unexampled magnitude of her undertakings; and in my opinion it is only the glory they take in equipping numerous hosts, and reading interminable lists of killed and wounded (as tests of their numerical value), that enables so worldly a people as the Yankees to bear up against such shocks and losses. Their dependence is still, as I said before, great on their numbers and resources. The Yankee tells you his land is young, and not like others. There is an abundance of men and indigenous wealth in it to meet still greater emergencies; and instead of being endangered by its youth, it has all the better chances for outliving its

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reverses; 142 for, like a young man, its constitution is still vigorous, and able to bear up against greater shocks than an old one, and is not a sea-girt isle, like the old country. Many such arguments will the Yankees bring forward, should you express your foreign doubt as to their chances of ultimate success; and most of them will even go so far as to endeavour to make you believe that the greenbacks will eventually become as popular and valuable as gold itself.

The extraordinary bounty of 700 dollars or more for a soldier whose time has expired, and wishes to re-enlist, is a successful bait for many of the veterans; and what between them and other recruits, who are enlisted for a far smaller amount, and the drafts, the Federal ranks are still pretty well fed, and the hosts brought against the brave Southerners very large indeed.

With all their valour—and no people have shown more—those interminable legions have 143 told sadly upon them. They have lost largely of their territory; and next year they must struggle harder than ever, if they would defend themselves from national extinction.

You meet numbers of Federal officers, invalided and wounded, in New York, on leave of absence. I met a young fellow, only twenty-one years of age, who had been through seventeen general engagements. He had enlisted as a sergeant, and had got a company through his valour and steadiness. He had been wounded, and was on a couple of months' leave. He was enthusiastic in praise of his profession, and was anxious to be on the field once more. There are many brave, gentlemanly fellows like him; but the Northern officers are generally what they are represented in the English papers—coarse and bombastic, not what would be expected from their position and profession. This, no doubt, arises from the fact that many of them have risen from very doubtful origin, 144 and bring some of their obnoxious ways and sayings with them. Of course they chew right and left. The men, who often are better born and better educated than their commanders, are of course, as must be expected in conscripts and volunteers so hastily raised, but poorly drilled, and lax in discipline— particularly when compared with the English or French

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soldiery. They are brave fellows, however, and prove themselves so in many a bloody battle, and deserve a far warmer reception than they usually get on their return to New York.

In the early part of the war the Southerners used to take whole regiments of prisoners; but a stay, however short, in the enemy's prisons is likely to be remembered, and the Yankees now keep a sharper lookout than formerly. Thirteen thousand Yankee prisoners are at present in Richmond gaols— on very short rations, too. The fact is, the Southerners have little enough for themselves, 145 and that little they are not inclined to share very generously with their invaders. The Northerners cry out loudly against such rascally treatment and rebel audacity, and are bent upon impaling Jefferson Davis (when they catch him) for the sins of his nation. I have seen in the illustrated papers pathetic pictures of Brother Jonathan coming out of gaol, upon an exchange of prisoners, and looking very attenuated indeed from his unwilling Southern sojourn.

But it must not be forgotten that Uncle Sam, in his palmiest days, is not given to corpulency. Greyhound-like in his proportions, his wiry frame never would suggest to any one who looked at him that America was a land flowing in milk and honey, and yet few countries are there where the creature comforts are more esteemed than here. President Lincoln sent for the benefit of the unfortunate Unionists in the hands of the rebels a cargo of blankets. These the Southerners 146 returned; but the voice of scandal is not wanting to assert that the Confederates kept the blankets for their own use.

Another grievance to the North on this head was the refusal of the Confederates to exchange blacks for their own men—not acknowledging the slaves as soldiers, but retaining them in their original servitude when taken, and threatening with execution their officers. No slaves were therefore regarded as belligerents, but as servants in arms against their owners, till the late arrangements made for their future exchange, whereby the black is now set against his white brother. Indeed, neither the North or South yet estimate the true value of the negro as a soldier. He has fighting qualities that the

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generality have hitherto not given him credit for, and Sambo well officered can charge a battery with more dash and pertinacity than any Sepoy regiment. The “darkies” are also excellent garrison troops, and capable of more fatigue than 147 either Sepoy or European soldiers. Had our Government acted with wisdom, they would long ago have despatched 20,000 negro troops to assist in the garrisoning of India. I have had some experience in military affairs, in various climes, and from all I have seen of the negro I think he is eminently suited for the purpose, as he could be relied on, being certain never to fraternize, on account of caste, with the Sepoy, whilst he would thrive in the climate.

The 2nd New York coloured regiment passed through this city not long since. It had been raised in Washington, organized in New York, and sent to Texas on active service. It was composed of fine stalwart fellows, 1,000 strong, officered by whites. They marched through the town with bands playing and colours flying, and were loudly cheered by the rascally mob, who but four months before had hung from the lamp-posts fifty of their race.

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The cause of the secession is at present a delicate dish to discuss in America, more especially for an Englishman, who is generally believed to have prematurely given his sympathy, and as far as it was in his power his support, to the Southern cause. The Americans charge us very generally with treachery, and say that if we dared we would show our teeth. I think it a pity that we have not practically disabused these conceited egotists of the idea, and given our aid to the brave South in its distress. When the English lion did once utter a deep growl of remonstrance at the petty impertinence of the North, and Britannia waited with a hand on the cannon for the answer to her just outburst of indignation, Yankee bombast evaporated in well-timed discretion, and the discomfited vulture-eagle threw down the prey it had stolen. Yes, it is a fortunate thing for the North that England does not show this vain-glorious boaster what she dares do.

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The interests of Europe, and the interests of liberty herself, demand the dismemberment of the Federalty, and it is only when two or three distinct governments are established on the ruins of the late Union that we are likely to be on a friendly footing with our cousins over the water.

I have no doubt but most of our astute statesmen see this clearly, and that England would not have borne so much bullying had it not been thought that *time* was the best avenger of her insults.

Had not England this plea, her neutrality would be a blot on her escutcheon. One would have thought that, in such a struggle of freedom against oppression, Europe would have risen *en masse*, and acknowledged the cause of justice against tyranny. But no, we have stood by with folded hands, and watched the unfair encounter, hardly even with our cheers giving utterance to our sympathy. The South must yield at last. Taxed to her utmost, her strength is not yet failing, but if the discreet law of non-intervention is to continue in force, her fall may be coming. Not that her brave spirit will be broken, but that the chains of her oppressors are too heavy for her, and she must sink a struggling victim to superior brute force.

Their only chance, that I can see, for a national existence, rests upon the possibilities and probabilities of a split in the Northern Cabinet, and a general rise of the people against the incapacity and treachery that have lost them so much life and gold. Indeed, this widespread difference of opinion as to the justice and advantages of the present conflict is not merely confined to political circles, or street malcontents, but, has found its way into many a hitherto happy and united family. It is not rare here to find mother and daughter disagree upon this sad, momentous question, and to know that two brothers are fighting on opposite sides. Indeed the 151 daughter has bitterly told me that her mother was a traitress to her country; whilst the old lady, who was present, smiled with an expression of silent contempt for her daughter's loyalty.

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The Northerners have lately captured many vessels running the blockade, but not until their enemies have been well supplied with provisions and requisites of war. I understand that several enterprising English merchants have given orders for the construction of no less than forty-two steamers, of peculiar build and shape, especially adapted to this purpose.

The unusual length of the siege of Charleston, and the desperate tenacity with which the South held Fort Sumter (thanks in part to the guns sent them from England), are not of a soothing tendency, nor calculated, like Mrs. Winslow's syrup, to calm the Northern baby.

On the other hand, the conduct of the 152 Federals to the distressed Confederates has become the scandal of Europe. Every expedition is undertaken in a spirit of vicious malice, and their whole line of conduct is marked with cruel destruction of life and property, and wanton tyranny. Verily in their heartless and wanton cruelty and oppression they out-Russia Russia. Houses, barns, villages, engines, railroads, stations, they destroy ruthlessly.

What a pity it is that the Northerners will not pocket their pride, and with their national 'cuteness consider the *price* of their glory. One would have thought that such devoted worshippers of the golden calf would have had little inclination or time for the sacrifices of Mars. But, no, the almighty dollar seems forgotten, and their craving is now for blood, not gold.

### CHAPTER VIII.

On the 26th of November, 1863, a train left New York for Philadelphia, the largest town, as regards area of houses, in America. In this train I secured a seat among the tobacco-smelling and tobacco-chewing travellers, and was not a little surprised to find myself whirled along down the middle of a crowded street, to the menacing danger of scores of ragged little boys. As we journeyed on our way, I noticed that the cuttings were protected



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by a strong fence; but this useful protection was not to be seen near the large towns. I mentioned this strange omission to one of the officials, and he, in a nasal independent twang, told me that he guessed 154 people must look out for themselves. Away we puffed! Away, past the Hackenzac river to the famous falls of Paterson. Here it was that the wild divine, Alexander Cumming, tried to hide his wife away from the gaze of man for ever—that the roaring of the waters might drown the babblings of her tongue, and that in the remote fastnesses of this place she might be unable to excite his jealousy.

The next place of note I got a glimpse of was Elizabethtown, which, like ancient Capua, is famous for the riches and luxury of its inhabitants. Then we came to Harrisburg. This town was incorporated as a borough in 1806. It was founded in 1785, by one John Harris. It is situated in Dauphin County, on the left bank of the Susquehanna, a short distance from Position Creek. Lindley Murray, the grammarian, and William Darby, the geographer, were born in this county. The town contains seventeen churches, two rolling mills, 155 several foundries, a cotton mill, and various large mercantile buildings.

The Senate Chamber contains fine full-length portraits of Washington, William Penn, Columbus, and Vespucci. There is also a painting of an attempt by the Indians to burn John Harris, father of the founder of the town, who settled here in 1726, in which year was born his celebrated son, said to be the first white child born west of the celebrated Conewage Hills. The Governor's chamber contains the original charter given by Charles II. to Penn, and portraits of all the Governors of the Commonwealth. In Harrisburg is the county lunatic asylum for 250 patients.

Ere we reached Philadelphia we passed Wilmington, a quiet country town, the opposite of its namesake, the notorious blockade-running town of the South. We swept close by the Delaware river, studded with schooners, looking very pretty indeed, and 156 forming an agreeable contrast with the smoked brick walls of the cities and towns we left behind us.

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Philadelphia in appearance much resembles New York, but of course is not of such commercial importance. The stores are not so grand, and a dull aspect pervades it always. They say it is full of Quakers, which (if so) accounts for its gloom. It is the most cleanly and regular of all the towns, and although Harrisburg is the capital of Pennsylvania, it is much smaller than Philadelphia. The houses of Philadelphia have by much the advantage of those in New York in regularity of outline. Philadelphia boasts of about six theatres, including an Italian opera house, and has its quota of low music halls, like New York.

The horses are a shade less scraggy than those of the American capital; but this is not paying them much compliment; nor do I want to impress my readers with a belief that 157 they are very noble animals. They look in deplorable condition, and I would wish my greatest enemy no worse fate than a ride upon one of them across country. You can picture to yourself no greater misery than seeing such a brute endeavouring to take a fence, with its bones as it would seem watching the first opportunity to jump through its skin. Little Mr. Briggs (of *Punch* notoriety) was splendidly mounted, and altogether cut a noble figure, compared to a "lean Yankee" on the summit of one of these barebones. The Broadway of Philadelphia is Chesnut Street, where gather together all the fashion and beauty of the city, to gaze with envious eyes into the windows of the splendid shops.

The Continental Hotel, at which I stayed, is a very grand building, and the accommodations are of a most sumptuous character. I yawned for a few days through its various rooms; and as I often reclined before the open windows on its magnificent lounges, I 158 thought Philadelphia would not be a bad place of residence after all. But all my admiration of scenery, love of comfort, and enjoyment of luxury vanished when the bill was presented. I dare say my readers have often experienced that moment of vexation when one is thus robbed by licensed pick-pockets. When will travellers in a body refuse the infamous imposts of extortionate landlords, and not be ashamed to insist on paying a fair price only for fair accomodation? Now, Paterfamilias groans and pays, stamps angrily when the waiter's back is turned, vows he'll write to the *Times*, bring an action against the

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landlord, and ruin the house; but the moment the servitor comes back with his change, he is ashamed of his wrath, and smilingly bows his condescension to the respectful humility of the household on his departure. There are numerous other hotels in Philadelphia that bear an excellent character, where one might enjoy a pleasant 159 visit, were it not for two considerable draw-backs. The first of these frightful discomforts is the disgusting habit of spitting, so rampant among Americans. Words would fail to express the abhorrence that any sensitive mind must feel at such a filthy custom. The other objection to the hotels is the very mixed class of people one meets there.

The town itself stands on the Delaware river, which must be crossed by ferries on arrival near the city. The entire length of the city is twenty-three miles, as now consolidated, and the average breadth is about five miles. The densely-inhabited portion of this area is about four miles on the Delaware, and two and a half miles on the Schuylkill river, having about 12,098 feet breadth between these rivers. The population is over 600,000, and the number of dwellings, shops, and manufactories is estimated at 100,000.

Any mention, however briefly, of all the branches of the vast and multiform business 160 transacted in so large a city, is of course not to be here attempted, any more than in New York. They, no doubt, too much appreciate the ornamental arrangement of the cabbage-stalks, parsnips, and peelings, intermingled with cinders, rags, &c., to ignore this national custom for cleanliness sake.

The city is a very great business place, but the shipping is far less extensive than in New York. An important line of steamers (the Inman line) used to run to Philadelphia direct from Europe, but has since been withdrawn in favour of the American capital.

Philadelphia is one hundred miles from the sea, and ninety miles from New York. The best private residences mostly lie off in the West Philadelphia direction, within the city limits. It is extremely pretty out there, and rather hilly. The Independent Hall, in the city, is in appearance like an overgrown hospital, where the magistrates deal justice on all offenders

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against the laws. It is an extensive 161 building, situated in a large square covered with grass, that for its verdure might compete with the green-sward of the Emerald Isle itself.

*En route* to Washington, I stayed a week at Havre-de-Grace, for the duck-shooting. It is a tiny, pleasant village, very picturesque and pretty, studded with cottages so lightly put together that they call to mind the baby-houses of our childhood. I never could understand how these fragile tenements preserved their neat and newly-painted appearance. Do they take them down every stormy night or rainy day, and wrap them up in oil-cloth? or have they mammoth umbrellas to guard them from the inclemency of the weather? But my mission here was duck-shooting, so to my task. There are three kinds of ducks—the canvas-back, the blackhead, and the red-head. The canvas-back duck comes at seasons to feed on the wild celery that grows plentifully on the banks of the Susquehanna, on which river this village of 162 eleven hundred inhabitants is situated. This species sells in New York at two and a half dollars a pair.

The professed duck-killer has by no means a light or enviable occupation. It is a sport requiring much skill, and the exercise of a great deal of bodily labour. And now let me enumerate their course of procedure. In the first place they make use of sink boxes, which for the benefit of my uninitiated readers I will describe. This ingenious contrivance is a sort of punt, sharp at each end, and so constructed that it sinks in the water nearly to its level, and hides its occupant from his victims. But previously to this, he has contrived a number of artificial dummy wooden ducks, to the number sometimes of 250. The real ducks flying overhead, attracted by these, descend to the company of their supposed species. He, hidden by his boat, discharges his gun into the midst of them, decoy and real, to the immense damage of feathers and paint.

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A moonlight or starlight night, when the snow is on the ground, and the ducks are driven to the water, is the best season for this sport. To take advantage of these opportunities, one is naturally exposed to great inclemency of weather. Night after night he must toil in

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his avocation, and submit himself to the greatest physical exertion and intense anxiety of mind, waiting with a perseverance that an angler might envy for the coming of his prey. Nay, in some instances, the toil ends in loss of manly vigour; and there are cases where men become cripples for life from the troubles they have to undergo. I myself met a man whose hands were permanently bent back by rheumatism. Poor fellow! it was a sad thing at thirty years of age to find himself entirely disabled, and that the fruits of his labour left him but a wreck of his former self.

I came here with the intention of distinguishing myself as a sportsman, but when 164 I saw the hard work before me, my enthusiasm quickly evaporated, and I contented myself with looking on at the innocents in the distant water. The people with whom I stayed were hospitable and agreeable; and if I did not add to my reputation as a sportsman, I gained from them many valuable hints.

The hotel (I beg the pardon of all decent houses of that calling throughout the world) was abominably managed. One of the principal rules of the house was, I should imagine, never to clean a knife or fork, for hardly ever did one of these useful objects come to the table without the grease of other days clinging, to it, and lending it an oleaginous aspect of nastiness dreadful to behold. Havre-de-Grace presents a very picturesque appearance, its pretty houses and white palings reminding one of a picture by an old master. But there is one sore place that galls the memory of pleasant days spent in this charming retreat 165 — one skeleton that will linger an unbidden guest in the midst of happy reminiscences — and this my horror, my trouble, my antipathy, O reader, is a parish pump! Yes, a parish pump! One can appreciate a pump in its proper place, but its proper place is not under my window. Was it reasonable that I, a poor innocent traveller, should be condemned to be pumped out of all peace and quietness by that detestable institution? Yet so it was. Early in the morning — so early that the most matutinal-minded cock had scarce stirred himself up into sufficient wakeful energy to rouse the roost with his shrill clarion, and just as balmy sleep was closing my eyes in sweet forgetfulness, there would be a squeak, a groan, and a banging and clanging, and the hideous pump would begin its day's labour.

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Then what a babel of voices, what a confusion of tongues, what an outpouring of spirit, came from the crowd of old women who gathered round for their next turn! Verily, to me, 166 the remembrance of that pump is like the recollection of a hideous nightmare!

Havre-de-Grace is famous for the beauty of its fair inhabitants, and justly too has it acquired this enviable reputation, for its daughters are very pretty. They, the belles, complain bitterly of the conduct of the village swains, who seem to prefer a dissipated celibacy to the domestic allurements of married life.

There is a floating steam-worked bridge from this village to Perryville, a small place on the opposite shore of the river. They are now about erecting a permanent bridge across the Susquehanna. It is amusing to watch the country vehicles of this district. They are so constructed that they seem especially built to toss their occupants out on to the road, skipping about on their light springs.

There is a good ice trade done on the river here, and the coal business flourishes grandly. Schooners ply up and down the stream, 167 and vessels of from 100 to 150 tons navigate the river. There are also many little pleasure steamers for duck-shooting excursions always ready.

But good-bye, Havre-de-Grace! May peace and plenty ever smile upon thee! May the rude hand of war never desolate thy sweet retreats and sunny fields; and may thy fair daughters find that Cupid loves to dwell in a spot so fraught with beauties!

After staying a week at Havre-de-Grace, I started for Baltimore, about thirty miles off. I was "located" in the smoking car, half of which was portioned off as a bar for the sale of drinks and eatables.

The black women are sometimes allowed in the ladies' carriage, provided they be well dressed; but they sit ill at ease, and seem afraid of giving offence to their fairer neighbours.

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The loyal American population at this time was much astonished at the daring conspiracy 168 of fifteen rowdies from New York, under Confederate agents, to retake the Portland steamer *Chesapeake*. This they effected, and started her off for Wilmington. The Yankees sent the fastest vessels in pursuit, but it was some days before the steamer was captured; and such was the spirit of detestation for the Yankees in Canada, that they, with the exception of three delinquents (or heroes?) were all rescued by the mob.

Baltimore, the capital of Maryland, is situated on the Chesapeake Bay, and is one of the largest cities in America. The quarter of the town through which the train passes is a dirty suburb indeed. Its trade is flourishing, and the shipping commerce between it and England is direct. The train runs down the middle of the street, like some I have seen in continental countries, unprotected by rail or fence.

The best hotels are Barnum's and Guy's (opposite each other in Monument Square), 169 Eutaw House, Mattby House, and the Fountain Hotel. Guy's pleased me best. It only accommodates thirty persons; but for home comforts excels any of the others. Barnum's City Hotel is a magnificent building—bustling, expensive, and formal.

Maryland would unquestionably have joined the Confederacy but for the unexpected pressure that was brought upon her to the contrary in the shape of eight or ten thousand troops, who now hang about the outskirts of Baltimore, suppressing by their presence secession sympathies. This county has an unlimited supply of egg's, butter, and niggers at her disposal. The American Government has now nearly fifty thousand black soldiers at its command, all of whom range from nineteen years and upwards, though still retaining the appellation of "boys." The Federals are recruiting amongst Southern slaves, and numerous bodies are daily sent out of the way by the Confederates. Their 170 mode of recruiting is somewhat curious. They take a certain number of men from a farmer, and give him a receipt as compensation. Numbers of the slaves give their masters the slip and escape. Of

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those taken, two-thirds are rejected as unfit for service, but seldom return to the place they came from.

Baltimore, like New York, is divided into numerous wards—twenty I believe is the number. The British Government, and other European Governments, are represented by Consuls; Mr. Bernal is ours. If you look over its large, formal Directory, you will learn a great deal that is useful and interesting, should you ever mean to visit that quarter of the globe. Its population is 280,000 or more. For shopping and lounging, its best streets are Baltimore and Charles Street; the latter (suited well for driving or sleighing) is wide and level. Hanover is entirely a business street. The best houses lie off by the Washington Monument, a very noble looking 171 structure, situated in Charles Street. A fashionable and favourite promenade is in Charles Street; but there is also Druid's Hall Park, which surpasses by far the Central Park in New York. It lies about four miles from the centre of the town, and occupies 600 acres, 250 of which are beautiful woodlands. Though replete with natural beauties, art is daily lending it additional charms, and what between lakes and sparkling rivulets, flowery meadows and undulating forest hills, I think there will be soon few more picturesque Edens in the world.

The military head-quarters in Baltimore are opposite the Battle Monument, a figure of Victory with a Union flag in her hand. It commemorates a battle at North Point, Baltimore, within the Southern States, fought for independence on the 12th September, 1814.

The large red house which the authorities have appropriated for the use of the troops, is 172 close by the magnificent one lately inhabited by Mr. Gillmore, a wealthy Southerner, who had different notions as to the rights of persons and things from Mr. Lincoln, and decamped into the heart of the rebels, leaving his house to be converted into a prison, and cooking shop and dining hall for the soldiers.

Talking of the military, I thought the cavalry not by any means so efficient-looking as I had expected. They did not even come up to the mark of the native cavalry of India, though



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some were stout fellows enough; still very many more were lean weedy boys who could not, in my opinion, stand the shock of war.

As for pluck, however, these men are second to none, and promise well for the future. Embryo gunners, doing the duty of artillerymen, were to be seen lounging about smoking long clay pipes, most unmilitary in appearance; with here and there a noble fellow who would not disgrace Napoleon's 173 Cent Garde. A very grand ball was given in Baltimore on the 14th December, for the purpose of paying off the exemption money (300 dollars per man) for those of the police drafted for the war. It was a very popular ball. A dollar ticket admitted a lady and gentleman, and you may be sure that many a pretty face was to be seen there on that night; and if their sweet, winning, coy, and beseeching looks didn't wound divers hearts, why so much the worse does it speak for the mettle of the Baltimore boys.

There is one miserable reading-room in Baltimore Street—especially appropriated by the soldiers, and open free—where all the papers and magazines of any note are taken in. The number of societies and clubs here is ridiculous. Only to enumerate a few will be to notice the Masonic Lodge and chapters (twenty-four in number), the meetings and encampments of Odd Fellows, Sons of Temperance, Improved Order of Red Men of 174 Great Council of the United States, Independent Red Men, United Order of Friends, Independent Order of United Brothers, the Germanic Club, and Hibernian Society—none of which, with the exception of the Masonic Lodge, I have a fancy for.

At the commencement of hostilities, one of the hardest hits the Southerners received as yet seems to have been the loss of the stores and munitions of war at Harper's Ferry, burnt by Lieutenant Jones (I believe), and forty-one of his artillerymen; as also the entire destruction of the armoury in the Norfolk Navy Yard by a Yankee war ship, which contained, it is said, 700,000 stand of arms, and 150,000 revolvers, &c.; 3,000 cannon which were spiked, but re-bored in the Navy Yard shortly afterwards, and which now defend the city of Charleston, and Wilmington, Richmond, &c.

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The fire-engines of Baltimore are as efficient as those of New York, and save many a life, 175 as well as much property, and reflect highly to the credit of the American people.

The racecourse of Baltimore is four miles distant, situated near Herring's Run. The races there are no longer what they used to be, being now only merely trotting matches. In former days Baltimore was famous for horse-racing after the English fashion; but it has lost ground since, and the noble sport is now a thing almost as much of the past as the Union itself.

Baltimore, like most American cities, does not lack amusements; she has theatrical performances, musical concerts, and agreeable "free and easies" *ad infinitum*.

An inveterate dislike to the English nobility is what most Yankees feel (or at least assume to feel). They always speak of the "live lord" disparagingly, and cast their rank in our face as one of the besetting evils of our country. But with all this, when they catch my lord duke in this the free land of America, 176 and he honours any of their houses with a call, you may be sure it is many years before his visit is forgotten. I doubt if there will be an inch of the floor upon which he treads which is not respected and remembered by his free Yankee entertainers.

At Guy's Hotel, where I stayed, I met a young officer of the Royal Artillery, from Bermuda, on leave of absence. He was captured by the United States navy when attempting to run the blockade off Wilmington in the screw steam-ship *Robert Lee*, one of the most successful of the blockade runners. He informed me the time of night was correctly hit off for nearing the mouth of the harbour; but the weather was rough and unfavourable, and they could only just perceive the breakers ahead, and got within 300 yards of the men of war, when they were detected, and immediately chased. It is fully believed the engineers were bribed by Federal officials, and did not do their duty. They 177 were chased for three hours, and fired into; and eventually obliged to surrender at discretion. The young artillery officer was detained six days on board, after which he was released, in nowise a loser by

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his capture. This young officer was afterwards taken by the marshal of New York when embarking for Bermuda on his return, suspected of taking letters for Southern ladies, and forwarded under escort to Fort Lafayette, where I left him, unable to assist him, on my return to England. Lord Lyons, however, has used his endeavours to obtain his release. The letters were simply intended for, but not directed to, people in Bermuda.

On December 11th, 1863, a tremendous gale swept over Charleston Harbour, during which the *Weehauken* went down with thirty-four hands. Though she lies under six or eight fathoms of water, it is said that she can be raised; but that remains to be proved.

The Government expenditure is now something N 178 fabulous. It is daily increasing, and the national debt on July 1st, 1864, will be one, billion seven hundred million dollars. The American public is to congratulate itself on the happy state of its financial affairs. The Secretary of the Treasury congratulates himself in being able to show so satisfactory a statement. He is ever promising, and performing nothing, as this his recent incomprehensible and contradictory report on the state of the finances shows.

The churches of Baltimore are many of them very noble edifices, and little inferior in number or variety of denominations to those of New York. The best are Christ Church and St. Peter's (both Protestant places of worship), the First Presbyterian Church, and a splendid Roman Catholic Cathedral. In the American Episcopal Church, an alteration in my opinion for the better has been made in the Book of Common Prayer—it being shortened, and rendered 179 much more impressive. I noticed that generally the Americans do not stand during the singing, as we do, and also that they frequently sit down throughout other parts of the service. I do not think there is much to reprehend in this; and great as is my veneration for our present mode of worship, I believe in this one respect we might with advantage imitate our American cousins, and as devoutly offer our services to God.

There is a peculiar custom relative to the opening of shops in Baltimore on Sunday. Instead of wooden shutters before the windows, a kind of strong wire grating is generally

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used; so that, in fact, the goods on the Sabbath are as much exposed as during the week days; and though they are not sold to you then, you can, if you wish, choose your colours, and settle in your mind what you will purchase on the morrow.

The favourite trip here is down the Chesapeake Bay. If you go down in the morning, N 2 180 you can be back to dinner; for a train runs to town from Annapolis, where you land, starting from the basin near Baltimore Street.

I noticed a very tall, queer-looking tower, built of brick. I went close to its base (certainly not to its top), and thought it much resembled the circular martello towers of our own country, except that the part exposed to the sea, and consequently to hostile vessels (if such should at any time attack it), was of a uniform thickness with that faced inland.

I see by the books at the hotel that many officers have found their way south—some turning tail after a visit to Washington, others continuing far south. Some officers belonging to regiments quartered in Canada got into a scrape, not long since, with the Federal authorities for passing the lines, and were captured crossing the Potomac. One, more daring than the rest, released himself with quite a Jack Sheppard expertness. He cut 181 his way, by degrees, through the prison door, filling up with putty the holes which he had gradually opened, till he had made one sufficiently large to let himself through, and then he escaped up the neighbouring chimney on to the roofs of the houses.

The fortifications of Baltimore are going on rapidly, and will soon be very creditably completed, and strong. The principal forts in these fortifications are Fort M'Henry, at the corner of Whetstone Point, near the narrow end of the channel; Fort Federal Hill, north of Fort M'Henry; Fort Evrington (yet incomplete); Fort Carrol, on the narrow part of the Patapsco River; and, lastly, Fort Marshall, an earthen work of some strength, built within the last two years, and commanding the town. Fifty-one years ago M'Henry was bombarded by the English fleet from the Patapsco River, on which it stands. These fortifications also consist of several detached redoubts, called field-works, all supporting

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182 each other in a chain, as it were, and selected from the important and commanding position which they occupy. Some of them are mounted with seven or eight cannon, others with more.

But these forts will interest few of my readers. Men care little for such things, and ladies less. How can I expect my fair readers to interest themselves about them? The arrows of Cupid are their weapons of warfare. It is true they storm the citadel of a man's heart often enough. Down the breastwork goes before their light brigades of delicate attentions, their sweeping artillery of ardent eyes, their heavy phalanxes of sighs and tears, and their anxious inquiries and tender hopes—the sappers and miners of love's field of battle.

Many strangers like Baltimore exceedingly. Bustle—constant, ever-anxious bustle—is always present; still I can't remember a pleasanter place to be quartered in, particularly 183 before the distracting war severed many a friendship, and divided many a house. Society in Baltimore, ere the opening of the present fratricidal struggle, was worthy of a great and united people. But since the war things are sadly changed. Instead of the free and warm interchange of hospitalities, total estrangements have in some cases crept in. The great bond of one common interest has been suddenly and rudely snapped: father has disagreed with son, and daughter with mother; and a dark cloud of distrust has, I fear, for ever quenched the sunshine of many a genial friendly intercourse. It is purely a war of pride and tyranny, and the wicked end it has in view of crushing a people willing and able to be free, can never be accomplished. The country's social demoralization and commercial stagnation has already set in, and promises worse for the future. When you consider, reader, these consequences of, and reasons for, the existing transatlantic 184 slaughter, it is impossible not to grow very grave indeed, and to feel truly grateful to Him who has assigned to us so high a place amongst nations, and spared us the internal jealousies and grievances that are active within so many of them. But I have digressed, and must return, after the reader's pardon, to my jottings.

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Maryland, as I need scarce tell my readers, is a great tobacco-growing State, and has also large coal-mines, as well as a fair supply of iron. She is also prosperous in her agricultural pursuits, and in comparison with the other States her proportion of the debt is very small. Some will go so far as to say that she has gained in wealth since the opening of war.

Baltimore, like New York, has more than enough of banking houses. The Americans are a great banking people, and all their cities (particularly New York) swarm with them. They issue bank-notes of such a 185 variety of amount as would astonish English curiosity, if not gain English credit.

The iron foundries of Baltimore are numerous and important. You hear nothing but steam working, hammering, and tinkering, from morn to night. It must take a considerable amount weekly to pay all the hands employed, for their wages are large, and they have frequent strikes for higher.

If you are respectably introduced, you get an immediate and warm reception from the Baltimore gentry. They are particularly kind and agreeable to the English, and many naval and military officers met receptions here as complimentary to the nation as they were cordial to the individuals. To be sure the Yankee ladies, as a rule, stand off till you are formally recommended to their notice. You must not address them in the train, no matter how close you are to them, or how far you have to travel by their side (unless they number forty revolving years, and are desperate 186 with despair), on pain of giving no small offence to the sweet, demure little creatures; but when you once know them they make up for all their previous coldness, and chirp you into ecstatic grimaces. You must not forget, since we are talking of manners, that a Yankee proffers his hand the moment he is introduced to a stranger; so don't refuse him yours, for it is the custom of the country, and no disagreeable one either.

Indeed, at first sight, everything and everybody appears at its worst in America. The ladies are cold at first, but warm enough afterwards. It is difficult to know a family, but when you

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are acquainted with one, you speedily insinuate yourself into the good graces of plenty; and, lastly, when you address a Yankee for the first time, he jerks "How" through his nose, in a manner that not a little startles and perhaps intimidates you; but after that is over, he answers you readily and civilly enough.

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This, in my opinion, is mainly owing to the horrid anxiety all the Americans evidently labour under, in the presence of strangers, lest a little act of familiarity, or overcourteous expression, might compromise their birthright of entire freedom of speech and action. In my opinion, they would not spit half so often within a hair's breadth of your face and feet, only to mark in your mind the full width of their independence; and it is unquestionably to show their undeniable and unalienable claims to the same that they curse so frequently and impiously, and strike their feet on the mantelpiece, and against the windowshutters. Is it not pitiful to see the fair and winning mien of freedom so practically distorted?

The finest house in Baltimore is that, in my opinion, owned and occupied by a Mr. —. It is situated some distance up Baltimore Street, shut in by high brick walls, which 188 enclose extensive grounds as well. It much resembles the Finchley mansions of the best model in the suburbs of London.

The Americans pass a great deal of their time at the bowling-alleys, and which I see attempted in Cremorne Gardens with but moderate success. I thought it a monotonous, noisy game; but it is very popular here. They drink heavily during play of various mixtures, which helps not a little to give them such cadaverous looks—the result of drinking at improper hours, day and night. A short time before I left Baltimore, I went to a basement to get shaved (all barbers occupy basements in American towns). These barbers always possess a stock of amusing anecdotes, which they readily retail to their customers. In their conversation they are decidedly inclined to hyperbolical figures of speech. This fellow informed me that he had shaved the Prince of Wales, and received a gratuity of four

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guineas for his services. He concluded 189 his anecdote by sagely remarking, "I guess that young man's fixed up with a considerable mint of money." I suggested that, as he had become so important an individual in the tonsorial world, he should inscribe on his signboard the classic couplet,

"Ego sum tonsor, tonsorem si forto requiras, Mappa sub est, ardet cultor et unda tepet."

But he "guessed classics was low fellers, and gentlemen of his professional abilities didn't need vulgar recommendations"!

### CHAPTER X.

On the 17th of December, 1863, I found myself once more in the train, this time bound for Washington, for which trip I paid 1½ dollars, and was stowed away in one huge carriage, such being assigned to all, irrespective of condition. The journey was one of forty miles, through a far more agreeable country than that from New York to Baltimore. On either side of the rail there are vast iron districts, with pretty woodland scenes, coverts of young firs and beech trees, and graceful lines of hilly country. About four miles from Baltimore comes Relay House. Here the track becomes single, a line diverging therefrom to the right to Wheeling, Virginia, 191 five hundred miles off in the extreme West. Eighteen miles from Baltimore comes Annapolis Junction. It was formerly the United States navy school for the training of seamen and boys—a process now performed in Newport, Rhode Island, north of New York. Seventeen miles from Annapolis Junction is Bladensburg, notorious in former days for the many duels fought there, and also celebrated for the battle-field of Bladensburg, when the English under General Ross, on the 24th of August, 1814, gained a complete victory over the Americans under General Wynder, burning the President's house and all the public buildings, with some valuable and beautiful pictures, to the great distress and sorrow of our Yankee cousins, who implored them fervently to the contrary. As you enter Washington, a view of the House of Congress suddenly and impressively breaks upon you. It is also called the Capitol, and House of Representatives, and is a



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magnificent white 192 stone building, slightly elevated in its situation, with a pagoda-like dome. It is 300 feet high, surmounted with the figure of Liberty holding a shield in her hand. The grounds round about it are tastefully laid out, and are a very favourite walk with the Washington folks. The Americans with justice may be very proud of it. I never saw any place that impressed me with more wonder and admiration. Both Houses of Congress are provided with a competent staff of officials.

Washington (the seat of Government) must be distinguished from Washington in the Western States, it being situated in the district of Columbia (a very small State purchased by the Government).

In the Capitol there is a Supreme Court, but which, in my opinion, is much too small for the purpose designed. It has, however, a splendid public library, containing a valuable collection. These reading-rooms are open to 193 the public, and you may see there many a dirty-fingered boy thumbing books that you. might well: think worthy of a better fate, and that ought not to be left open to such indiscriminate intercourse.

The Rotundo, in the Capitol, is filled, with beautiful paintings (of course all are entirely American Subjects), and some Italian sculpture of the most. artistic kind. The surrender of General Burgoyne at, Saratoga, New York State, in 1777; the Declaration of Independence; the surrender of the British Army at York Town, Virginia, by Lord Cornwallis, in 1781; the Resignation of Washington at Annapolis; the Discovery of the Mississippi by De Soto; and the Landing of the Pilgrims from Leyden (this is very beautiful). Pictures are also to be seen in other parts of the Capitol, such as the Baptism of Pocahontas, the daughter of the great Indian chief, who saved. the life of a Captain Smith, by aiding him in his escape O 194 after his condemnation by a council of war. The Captain, from gratitude, married the beautiful barbarian, and had her made a member of the Christian Church. She afterwards became a great celebrity, and her memory is cherished amongst the great ones of the land. A drama founded on this incident has been

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very successful, and I witnessed with pleasure its representation. The Baptism (by the Rev. — Chapman) of Pocahontas was another of the exquisite paintings which I noticed.

In the Capitol there are many rooms intended for the Vice-President, the Speaker, &c., and the State documents and committee rooms. A most beautiful massive brass gate, with ornamental figures, is to be seen within. They told me it came from Italy, and cost untold dollars.

At the time I visited Washington I found they were adding to the Capitol, and there will be four acres of building when completed.

195

It is presumed all know the House of Representatives is inferior in rank to the House of Senators. I believe it would be hard to estimate the correct number of members in either House since the war has broken out, as it is certain none of the Confederate States are justly or *honourably* represented.

The new Senate Chamber is not quite so magnificent as the House of Representatives, its interior decorations being less gaudy. In the Capitol a Washington picture does not satisfy the Yankees, so there is a statue of Washington within, and in the grounds another representation of the great hero is to be seen. I wonder some of the present members can endure so true a patriot near them lest when they assemble here to deal in their tricky ways, and give their corrupt minds a little daylight, "the mighty spirit that made their country what it was a little while ago, and what it would be now had their O 2 196 conduct been after his model, might occasionally stir up conscience within them, and disturb them even with his stony look not a little."

As I was ascending the massive stone steps leading to the Capitol, I observed a small pond of masonry work directly fronting the building, and surrounded by an iron railing. A few hungry and melancholy looking gold fishes were drifting about the sides of it, each on his hook, and not in company with his fellow-prisoners. The poor things seemed in sad

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condition, and appeared as much depressed in spirits as if they knew of the corruption and folly that was daily gaining ground within. A London *ennui'd* swell never looked more vague and wearied in his morning walk through fog and fashion than did these little creatures in their retreat before the Congress House.

Washington was a pretty place ere the civil war burst upon it and destroyed its attractions. The streets are formidable, ugly, 197 dirty, and half-built; and, to add to its disreputable appearance, there are a number of dirty Jews' shops, swarming with semi-respectable military outfitters for the army.

They have in print highly-coloured engravings of the public buildings, and if you were to judge by those prints it would seem each is the most magnificent building ever raised by the hands of man; and if their cities were what some of these prints represent them, they might congratulate themselves on being greater in architecture than even Sir Christopher Wren has made us. How beautiful do gloomy, unfrequented watering-places look in these engravings! In every sense of the word, all their original peculiarities are daubed over in them.

The distance from Washington to Montreal (by railway) is 962 miles; to New York, 225 miles; and southwards to New Orleans, 1,424.

The Arsenal of Washington is situated at 198 the extreme south of the city, at a place called Green Leaf Point, where the river is very broad. The stores are very extensive, and well filled too, I presume, as they need be to find the various arms in the different quarters. It contains Bragg's and Duncan's celebrated batteries used in Mexico, and also the pieces of the Revolution of 1776. It was after the first-named war the Americans made the best purchase of territory. They paid 16,000,000 dollars in 1847 for the territories of Nevada and Sonora. The former is reported rich in gold, the latter in silver. They expect to find Nevada richer in the omnipotent mineral than California itself, and to supply their lack of it from that quarter. The wretched Mexicans did not know the latent wealth they

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put out of their pockets when they disposed of these rich fields, or perhaps were unequal to the working of them. About the time of this profitable purchase was also made that of California.

199

Mr. Lincoln's house (called the Executive Mansion, or White House) was built in 1815. There are twenty acres of newly laid-out lands attached to it, with the Potomac river at one end, and the Capitol at the other. In the warm summer weather crowds visit those grounds, and are entertained by the military bands, as in Hyde Park Gardens. The Executive House did not come up to my notion of what the residence of so great a nation's ruler ought to be.

I may here state that Springfield is known —favourably or unfavourably, as you think, dear reader—as the birthplace of Mr. Lincoln. He is a lawyer by profession, and certainly looks it every inch. He has the hungry aspect of a man of parchment, and his long bony fingers and shambling gait remind you constantly of the dark and subtle windings of the law.

But in America great men themselves are not much remarked, and Mr. Lincoln can go 200 about without being hallooed after, as Majesty or its representative would be with us. At the theatres or any other public places of amusement, he is taken no more notice of than any private individual.

In front of the White House is a statue of a General Jackson. I made a great blunder when I heard the name, for I asked if it was the far-famed Stonewall Jackson. The Yankee to whom I addressed the question looked at me as if I were some monster who had suddenly sprung out of the earth, or as if I were the ghost of the defunct hero himself; and, after measuring me from head to toe, and satisfying himself to the full that I was neither, sharply returned, "I guess, sair, they don't erect statues to rebels," an idea that certainly ought also to have struck me. I told my Yankee friend that we were subscribing for a statue to Stonewall Jackson in London; at this he turned contemptuously to a neighbour in the rail car in which we were travelling 201 together, and said that he guessed these rebels were

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pretty certain on their last legs, and that when they had fixed up this Secesh war, they guessed they would pay England off for her treachery; that was pretty well all about it, they reckoned. But the fact is, I thought it had been erected to the great man before the rebellion, for some service done, and that they were too magnanimous (I ought to have known better) to dishonour him by removing it after. The statue in question was erected to a General Jackson who distinguished himself in various battles against the people of Florida, Mexico, and those of Britain itself, in 1812. The statue was cast from the cannon captured by the General in some of his military engagements, and ordered by the New Orleans Commissioners at a heavy expense.

Pennsylvania Avenue is the grand street of Washington. The horse-cars are to be seen everywhere, and there are ample means of 202 locomotion. There is a decided classic charm about Washington, for the “tall Capitol” rears its imposing head like a vision of ancient Athens.

The largest vessels may easily sail up to Washington on the Potomac. A Russian fleet now lies off the city, as well as a few British men-of-war. After passing by Washington, the river is exceedingly narrow. Across it there are several bridges, but the longest is the wooden bridge to Alexandra, called the Potomac Bridge. I found three more on the eastern branch of the river, and another on the west side, called the Aqueduct Bridge. But although Yankee bombast would tell us that their bridges whipped creation, I candidly confess them, in my humble Saxon opinion, much inferior to our own Waterloo and Westminster, wherever they may be found.

The town covers an immense area, and is very. miserably deficient in well-built houses. 203 However, the public buildings are pretty numerous. The rents of the houses and price of provisions are very much dearer than formerly, by reason of the inundation of the military and their families.

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In the vicinity of Washington there is much marble to be found, which is generally used for building purposes, as well as the stone that is cut into such magnificent slabs, and brought into requisition for Government buildings.

If I were a builder in Washington (and heaven forbid such a fate!), I should use the mud of the streets for mortar, for Providence knows it is as sticky and glutinous as Price's gum, and clings to one with the tenacity of warm glue. The crossings are few and far between, and you go ankle deep when, in a fit of despair, you make for the opposite side; and, to crown all, the roads are completely cut up by the military waggons continually passing to and fro. My advice to the good 204 people of Washington is moral enough: *Mend thy ways*, O city, and thou shalt prosper!

Now, of all officials, a Commissioner of Public Buildings is most required here. There would be work for him from morning till night; and, I fancy, to get the town into decent architectural order, he would have more pulling down to do than building up. Cannot the Congress House do something to insist on a proper *ordo rerum* being observed? Surely a mother should not forget her own child, and the powers that be should not, while they teach European birds to build their nests, be so careless in constructing their own.

Many dislike Washington intensely, but I am open to confess that I could in the sunny spring dwell pretty contentedly here. Lord Lyons' *attachés*, with whom I was acquainted, did not, however, seem to be impressed with the charms of the neighbourhood, groaning grievously under the burden of their political cares and local miseries.

205

The drama finds a welcome home here. There are many places of amusement, good and bad.

The press is well represented, there being several ably-conducted journals. The best paper is that owned and edited by West, an Englishman. It is called the *Washington*

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*Chronicle* , and the articles, though decidedly of a Northern tendency, are temperate in their views on both sides.

Whenever I am on the newspaper subject, I never forget a good thing I heard. During the time of the commencement of hostilities, several gentlemen, evidently Northerners, were discussing the affairs of the great American continent, when one of them suddenly started the subject of "the articles in the *Times* paper." This gentleman guessed it was the smartest thing the rebels had done in giving £30,000 to engage the services of such a paper on their side! I certainly confess my indignation almost drew from me a 206 suitable reply, but then I remembered they were *familiar* with American newspapers and American customs, and I felt more inclined to laugh than snarl.

Washington is the life and soul of the place. They idolize his memory. They call their public buildings after him, they raise him monuments, they extol his fame, and boast his name, and call him the father of their country. Washington doubtless was a great man. He was one of the rarest jewels of humanity that history has shown us; but when I look upon his squalid, boasting townsmen—the unworthy children of an all-worthy father—I can only regret that so bright a gem is reflected in so repugnant a setting.

But self-esteem is a pleasing Yankee virtue, and the true American looks with a certain eye at the time when Britannia shall throw aside her wheel and trident, and kneel in suppliance to the almighty eagle—when 207 England's power shall bow like a bruised reed before the withering storm of American retribution! Fortunately for us, their present troubles have saved our poor unprotected nation from such a terrible destiny!

The peculiar characteristic of the Yankee is never to believe in a coming evil until it actually overwhelms him. Canada they deem of easy conquest, and they feel assured that it will one day be an American province. But ignoring, for argument sake, our own ability to defend what we hold, there is another question upon which the Americans should look well before they leap to so hasty a conclusion: Would Canada herself go to her neighbours

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without a struggle? Would she leave us in our onward march to greatness, to ally herself with a nation bankrupt in the eyes of the commercial world?

We too well remember the lessons her sister taught our extortionate fathers, and use our rule with moderation and judgment. 208 Nay, the Canadians are looked upon by the English with kindly and brotherly affection, and they regard us with a hearty, loyal aspect. The French element, it is true, is strong here, and is only waiting for an opportunity to show its teeth; but no such moment offers. Love binds us to our transatlantic fellow-subjects. Our old institutions, and the retiring but still widely shining virtues of our present good and gracious ruler, are too much venerated by them to wish to leave us; and they cling to the parent country the more tenaciously the older we grow.

Again, the Yankees have a greedy eye on our West India Islands. At the prospect of a war with America—resulting from the insane conduct of Commander Wilks—these islands seemed an easy prey within their reach; and terrible threats flooded every Northern newspaper of the consequences to us should we be rash enough to provoke our distant cousins too sorely. Unquestionably 209 these islands are defended by a mere handful of white and black troops, and to so enterprising and powerful a nation offer an easy conquest; but the question to be considered is this, Would England permit the loss, at all costs

The Government offices occupy many magnificent houses, and are most inconveniently scattered throughout various parts of Washington. The Treasury Department is near the President's Square, and is a very extensive building, with columns in front, containing about fifty apartments. The Post Office is a fine building, and the Home Department is very extensive; it is a square edifice, with imposing stone columns and steps, and is partly occupied by the Patent Office Department.

Before I finally quit the public buildings, ought to mention the Smithsonian Institution. It is a large red stone building, with striking spires, partly of the Elizabethan fashion, or P



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210 as a Yankee told me, "He guessed it was of mongrel architecture." It was built at the expense of an English gentleman (Mr. James Smithson), who bequeathed half a million for its erection, for the purpose of diffusing knowledge. It is approached by a crazy iron foot-bridge at the end of 10th Street, and the galleries and body of the building are full of cases of shells, stuffed birds, animals, fish, mummies, corals, spears, guns, and all the paraphernalia of a museum. There is a lecture-room, and another room hung with pictures of the American Red Indians, by Stanley. To see these paintings alone is worth a visit to the building; many of them, though small, are very beautifully executed. As you look up at them, you can fancy you see every trait of Indian ferocity brought forward on the canvas with lifelike truth; and you cannot but turn your mind to the time when the hardy settlers had to contend with those barbarians, and often endure tortures 211 that made death a blessing. There is here also a statue of the Dying Gladiator, in marble, and a stone coffin a thousand or more years old.

The society of Washington is migratory, but before the war it was socially a pleasant place enough. Many of its oldest and best families have since left, and committed their fortunes to the chances of war in the Southern cause, leaving their estates to be confiscated by the Government. The busy season in Washington opens with the sitting of Congress—as London at the opening of Parliament. Thither, at this period, high and low flock in from all quarters of the vast country, of course making everything dear. The Congress usually lasts from December to February, certainly the most rational time of the year, if not for work, at least for indoor enjoyments and city pleasures.

All true Marylanders feel most keenly the invasion of their country by their Northern P2 212 brethren, and its entire occupation by the martial Yankees.

General Butler's conduct is here much canvassed, and universally condemned, particularly by the ladies. The papers charged him with enriching himself by very questionable means; and so high did the enemy's dislike run against him, that they refused to treat with him at all in his capacity of negotiator for the exchange of prisoners, having outlawed him,

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and threatened him with instant death if captured. Resolutions have been offered by Congress that a committee of nine members be appointed to investigate and ascertain the causes of the accusations against this officer. He is charged with delinquency, oppressive conduct, conniving at frauds, and with collusions for military supplies. But there are not wanting those who declare that Butler did right and true good service to the Union, and was more censured than he deserved. In his proclamation relative 213 to the women of New Orleans, he did not mean what was too readily interpreted from his words; and when he commanded all females insulting Union officers to be treated as women of the town, &c., he merely wished to say that such should be rendered liable to legal punishment, no matter to what class they belonged. But granting that such was what he meant, he is still greatly culpable in having, given such incentives to a licentious soldiery, who would be only too willing of their own accord to insult the unprotected. It was foolish as well as wicked and unmanly, for it was calculated to bring ridicule and abhorrence by turn on those who could and thought they were obliged to have recourse to such a law (if law it can be called). I give both sides of the question, and would gladly for the sake of the profession to which he belongs, and that of humanity, excuse him as far as excuse can be found. He may have been hurried into it, perhaps, in a thoughtless, 214 angry moment, and done that which not only branded him deeply, but brought Northern valour and gallantry into question. Let not my readers, however, imagine that there are not honourable gentlemen among the Northern troops, for many such are to be found—men who fight with honest enthusiasm, believing their swords are drawn in support of the right.

If America cannot have a titled aristocracy, she can and will have an untitled one. Such is already fast springing up, and the best families are now unwilling to hold free intercourse with those unequal to them in education, birth, position, or manners; for have we not read in the Latin Grammar how

“Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros?”

When travelling on the continent of Europe, I have frequently heard people complain of the excessive vulgarity of even the best classes of the Yankees. But the fact is, injustice is done to the really very few superior Americans, 215 who are as well-mannered as polite representatives of any nation in the world. It should be remembered that travelling is much more general with the Americans than with us, and that no one who wishes to take a certain position in Yankee society can do so without paying a visit to Europe.

Thus it happens that America sends forth many persons to infest the European hotels belonging to a class that if they were in England would wisely keep at home. When one meets an American with his wife, and perhaps a whole tribe of olive-branches, travelling first class on the railways, and living at the best hotels, one naturally imagines he belongs to the upper rank of Americans. This is a great mistake, as it is frequently the case that he is a tradesman of a very inferior class, who having possibly filled his pockets by the sale of ginslings and cocktails, is taking his family to make what he calls the “towr” of Europe, and see “Parr’s” (as he calls Paris), 216 hoping that on the strength of it he may on his return to Bunkum City (or whatever his place of residence may be) move in “the best society.”

The Washington Navy Yard covers twenty acres. It is not unlike our own dockyards. They have there two great Nasmyth hammers of tremendous crushing power; and there is a great cable-testing hydrostatic press for testing the chain cables of the ships of war. When I visited this yard they were very busy in rolling iron for the iron-clads, casting ordnance, building ships, and cable-making. The noise was stunning to a degree; and, though there is much to call for wonder and admiration, I must confess my recollections Of the place are associated with deafening hammerings and overwhelming bustle. There is an Army and Navy Asylum. The ground was selected by that substantial reality of a man, General Scott—a fine old fellow. It is worth a visit from the fact of its pretty location.

217

There are numerous burial-places in the neighbourhood. The monuments are beautiful, and the vaults are large. Many departed lions rest here. Then there is Glenmead

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Cemetery, to the north, just completed. Washington is buried in none of these beautiful cemeteries, but sleeps the sleep of death beside his wife at Mount Vernon, on the banks of the Potomac. There, in a quiet ahady spot,

“He lies like a warrior taking his rest, With his martial shroud around him.”

Almost every traveller seeks the grave of this immortal hero. There is nothing remarkable in the locality, but few can stand on the spot and fail to call to memory the noble deeds of him who lies there—whose actions are written in the world's history in letters of brightest gold.

The Americans are great embalmers of the dead, and have invented an air-tight coffin, with a glass plate over the face. By this 218 means the body is preserved for a century or more. They advertise to preserve the fallen in battle, and follow the army to ply their trade.

They tell me Washington is famous for useful education, and that there are some schools in Georgetown of a very superior character. I know there are four or five public schools, which are conducted in the very best possible manner. From my own observation, the Yankees are all, more or less, well educated. I would not certainly say they were a reading people. You seldom see a book in their hands, but always a newspaper. And speaking of the ladies, I think, as a rule, they care less for literature than our own fair ones. In music, however, they unquestionably have the advantage, and cultivate it with far greater zeal. I do not say there are not really clever young ladies in America—far, very far from it; some of them have intelligence written in their sweet faces. 219 Punch tells us they are extremely fast, which in our present degenerate day is more likely to be admired.

Washington has a Columbian College, as well as the great commercial city to the north. This college has its president and twelve professors. It is situated near the Potomac, and has a good view of the Capitol. I may here add, the charges are moderate for students. Then there is the National Medical College. Both of these are fine buildings, and a very great blessing to the residents. Close to the House of Congress, they have the advantage

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of hearing and reading the best speakers, which, in my opinion, is another very great advantage to the youth of Washington. If they have talent and ambition, they see before them many who are worthy of their highest emulation.

A rather imposing building, called the City Hall, in Judiciary Square, is used by the Circuit Courts, the Mayor, and the Yankee 220 attorneys; it contains also the Police Court and the Sheriffs' offices.

The churches here are also beautiful; the best are Trinity Church, for the Episcopal service, the Church of the Epiphany, in G Street, and St. John's, in H Street. For the Catholic faith shines St. Aloysius. The Presbyterians have also six very good ones.

There is no question but Mr. Lincoln's Presbyterian tendencies have weakened in some measure the enthusiasm of those in favour of the Episcopal Church.

Talking about churches, I have noticed that in India, during the hot season, the church is invariably the coolest place, but *vice versâ* in America, in the cold weather— the church there being the only warm retreat, and always beautifully heated.

The Americans, as a people, cannot be complimented on their religion, but the exceptions that occur to the general rule are many and striking. Religion, when found in a Yankee 221 bosom, is of the truest and soundest character, and exhibits itself in all his actions through life.

You might expect that in church the Yankee would forego his tobacco-chewing propensities during divine service, but it must not always be expected; even here we are afflicted with the consequences of this vile habit during the whole time we are engaged in our devotions—the result, I am sure, of habit, rather than any disregard of religion.

The young unmarried men of America sincerely hope that they will give up this abominable habit when they lead to the altar a dear little creature, who they think, at the time, will make

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them forget all the world besides. Psha! a fig for their resolutions. The man who cannot be clean when single, will be doubly dirty when he has the care of a family on his hands, and the bud of the honeymoon will see hint spitting about his wife's boudoir.

In Georgetown, adjoining Washington, 222 there is also a good church of each denomination to be found.

There are many German confectioners here. In the cake, sweets, and pastry department they could rival some of the best Parisian professors of the gastronomic art.

The Washington climate is considered a temperate one: I am sorry I did not find it so. If in the winter to have one's nose blue for weeks at a stretch, and toes dead to all sensation; and in the summer to have one's system in a perpetual burning state of inflammation, be the signs and tokens of a temperate climate, give me, for the love of heaven, an intemperate one. Then malaria is no stranger here: it arises, as some think, from the banks of the Potomac; others, that it is caused by the close proximity of some graveyards. I incline myself to the latter notion, but the doctors differ on this point. The storms that visit Washington so frequently are what most redeem its 223 climate; luckily they come in summer, and purify the air, sweeping refreshingly over your poor half-baked frame.

Unfortunately, at the present time there is a terrible scourge of smallpox at Washington; it has dealt widely and fatally with the blacks, lately freed from slavery, who are starving, and suffering from every other misery of dirt and cold, congregated round Mr. Lincoln, to whom they look as their benefactor, and disposer of their future fate. I dare say it was from that quarter that Mr. Lincoln got infected with the disease, which has disfigured his not too handsome countenance. Since his recovery his levées have not been so numerously attended, and many deny themselves the honour of shaking hands with him from fear of infection. People leave Washington to escape it, and anxious wives are continually urging them to fly the city. Some two or three members have already been swept away by it.

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At present, the order of the day is a constant firing of revolvers. You hear them going off at all hours, and in the most unusual places for such practice; but, thank goodness, no mischief is done, nor are people much alarmed, so accustomed are they to it.

As I am on this subject, it may not be out of place to mention an anecdote of the Bishop of Calcutta and *his* revolver. It was during the panic-stricken period of the mutiny that the soldiery were one night called suddenly from their slumbers by a rapid discharge of fire-arms. Every man rushed to his post—but, lo! there was no enemy. After a time, it was discovered that the worthy prelate, who was sojourning with them, had chosen the dead of night to clean his revolver, when he could do so without interruption. Previous to commencing his task, he fired off the loaded barrels, and hence the confusion. The soldiers did not bless the reverend offender that night, I can assure you, O reader. I might laugh at the Bishop's *faux pas*, but I was once on the point of perpetrating a worse blunder myself. “Those who live in glass houses should not throw stones.”

About eight years ago, when a lieutenant in Her Majesty's 80th Foot, at the Cape of Good Hope, I was once for my sins placed in command of a detachment in a solitary position on the banks of the Keiskama River. The purport of my mission was to watch the starving Caffres who were allowed to cross at midday to trade with our friendly tribes. We were on the verge of a war, and daily in expectation of an attack from our dangerous neighbours. Being obliged to live separately from my men, and having no habitation more permanent than a bell tent, I determined to fortify my frail tenement as much as possible. With this purpose in view, I, Crusoe-like, made me a hedge of enormous branches, wedged firmly together, with the trunks inwards, forming a complete wall of foliage, upwards of eight feet high, closing the entrance at night.

It was a dreary time for all of us. Daily awaiting the crisis of our suspicions, we were kept in constant apprehension of a sudden midnight onslaught.

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One rainy night I had retired to my stronghold with no other companions than Wallace and Charlie—two little English spaniels. I was well prepared for any sudden attack, having, in addition to the regulation sword, a double-barrelled gun and revolver.

After an anxious look round to see that all was safe, I went to bed. Sleep for a time forsook my pillow, but at last I dropped off into a fitful slumber.

Suddenly I was awakened by the low, deep growl of one of my four-footed favourites. I sprang hastily from my camp bed, and listened intently for the coming of my 227 foe. There was no noise, and I had begun to think it a false alarm, when I was startled at the sound of a footstep close to the hedge. *They were come!* In a dozen different places the boughs were pulled and shaken. I crept silently to the side of my tent, gun in hand, determined to lay the first Caffre that appeared *dead* at my feet. The night was very dark and heavy, but I hoped every moment that the moon would pierce the clouds and give me a little friendly light. Oh, the anxious wearisomeness of that half-hour's watch! Suddenly the moon rose from the clouds, and I crept forward to confront my enemies with my gun raised and revolver ready. I stealthily stole close to the hedge, and what a sight met my gaze! My bloodthirsty Caffres, my savage foes, my midnight slaughterers, *turned out to be a herd of old cows* that had strayed from some neighbouring kraal, and were placidly browsing on my verdant fortifications! Q 2

228

Washington, as I have said before, is full of military. This is a good thing for the tradesmen, as they are making large fortunes from their increase of custom. From the Capitol to the Treasury, Pennsylvania Avenue is lined with military outfitters' shops, like the Jews' stores at Chatham.

Waggon trains are hourly passing through the city with supplies for the great armies. The waggoners and troops who escort them often suffer sorely at the hands of the guerillas, who lurk in every corner of the highways, and pounce upon them when least



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expected—so quickly attacking the soldiers as not to give them time for resistance. The Union men are, however, very loath to surrender to these guerillas. A young fellow in the Union service related to me the following story. A week before I met him, he, in company with the quarter-master of his regiment, was suddenly set upon by these marauders, only fifty yards from the camp. 229 He was about getting leave of absence to meet a pretty little wife of sixteen, to whom he had been married only three weeks, and whom I afterwards met. Being determined not to be robbed and imprisoned, he and his companion immediately drew their revolvers, and were about to fire, when the quartermaster was shot through the heart. My friend's horse was slightly wounded across the eye by the same volley, and, maddened by the pain, bolted, but not before its rider had seized the bridle of his dead companion's horse—the guerillas in chase still firing, calling out in tones hoarse with rage, "Let go that horse!" He, however, managed to escape unharmed, leaving them nothing in recompense for the blood they had spilt but his pistol, boots, and whatever little money there was about him. The horses, which were beautiful animals, were the prize most coveted by the Confederate guerillas. These guerillas are, however, regularly commissioned 230 by the Confederate Government, and properly officered.

In some of the inferior streets of Washington, trees with a tolerably fresh look are growing on either side the pavement.

I visited Georgetown, which is only about two miles from the Capitol. It is a quiet, unpretending, dirty little town, commanding a beautiful view of the Potomac, which, perhaps, is its only attraction. Round about Georgetown, however, there are some very agreeable country residences. Close by is the Georgetown Cemetery, built by the rich banker Corcoran. Three miles from this village are situated the Little Falls, from which the water descends a depth of sixteen feet. Besides these there are the Great Falls, distant thirteen miles from Georgetown. Thither carriages ply, and you may also go by boats up the canal. Here the fishing is even better than at the Small Falls, and many a pleasant trip has been made here.

In Washington the telegraph department is conducted very satisfactorily, and messages may be despatched to any part of the country at a very reasonable charge. It is incredible the short time they take to telegraph from one end of this mighty continent to the other.

It is considered that the population of Washington is a little more than one-third that of Philadelphia, but it varies now much on account of the war. They say there are 160,000 inhabitants.

In Washington, as indeed throughout America, they have a fashion of darkening the windows of their houses'why, I never could make out. In summer, they darken the windows to exclude the heat. Can the same process be feasible with respect to the cold? I found the darkened chamber colder; but perhaps there is a benefit derivable from this custom that only *natives* can appreciate. The light that is admitted into the apartment is subdued. Throughout the day it appears as if 232 it were twilight, which places a visitor very often in the disagreeable situation of not seeing to whom he gives his hand when he enters a house.

Alexandria, in the district of Columbia—an ancient looking little place—is situated six miles from Washington, on the other side of the Potomac. The bridge across is nearly a mile and a half in length, made of wood, and called the Long Bridge. On the same side of the river is Arlington House, opposite the White House, Mr. Lincoln's residence. It formerly belonged to the Confederate General Lee, whom the Northerners would even now receive back with open arms. It has since been confiscated to the Union, as well as the large estate which he owned in Virginia, commanding a fine and immediate view of one of the beautiful rivers of that country. I consider General Lee the most powerful enemy the Union has to dread. He is a man of high position, and universally 233 beloved and respected. Close to Arlington House is the celebrated Curtis Spring, whither many proceed in summer, and drink its waters.

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Looking at Washington in a moral light, one can say very little in its favour—perhaps less than for any city in America. Vice is seen in its most hideous colours, and of course has tremendously increased with the terrible influx of military. Even the most thoughtless cannot but be startled into dismal reflection at young creatures, having the brand of sin legibly imprinted on them, rushing headlong to destruction of soul and body.

In Washington there is a market three times a week, where the women, old and young, pretty and ugly, are to be seen in untold numbers, laden with basket of vegetables, chickens, eggs, rabbits, ducks, fruit, &c., &c., all hurrying home with their bargains.

I find there is no view of the Washington 234 fortifications within the city. You must go outside to see the entrenchments, rifle-pits, earthworks, &c. The latter are mounted with cannon of the heaviest calibre. Outposts and videttes are stationed along the various roads that lead to the city, at considerable distances from it, in order to raise the alarm, and give time for preparation in event of attack. At present all inlets to the city are closed at *nine o'clock*. Sentries patrol the streets during night; and any citizens *without* the walls after nine o'clock must stay there till morning. The Southerners would be likely to find it as difficult a matter to take Washington as I expect the Yankees would have in the capture of Richmond, which I believe they will yet attempt. I can affirm on the best authority that Richmond forms a series of fortifications; for nine miles from the town the outworks are to be found. Every possible means has been taken to turn to account all advantages offered by nature. 235 Rifle-pits, abattis, and trous-de-loup, abound; and brave men worthy of the cause they have at heart are still ready to defend them, and freely shed their blood in the cause they have taken up.

The roads (the Yankees call them streets!) about Washington are extremely bad, and those on the other side, beyond the capital, amongst the worst. The dust is a fearful nuisance here. It is bad enough in winter, but in summer it rises in tremendous clouds, and plays sad havoc with hats and coats, as well as being very painful to the eyes, causing one to shut them for a long period when crossing the pavements. I am no stranger to dust

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storms, having witnessed many in the plains of India, especially those in Cawnpore in May and June.

Sunstrokes are much to be dreaded and guarded against. Many persons in summertime get their death-stroke from them. Of the sunstrokes I speak from dearly-bought 236 experience. In the month of June, 1858, I was on the march up the country in Bengal; or rather being conveyed in tedious bullock vans from Cawnpore to Meerut, at the time in command of a small detachment of troops. Day after day we sought the grateful shelter of the mango tree from the deadly rays of the sun. I remember before reaching Meerut being overcome by a sickness and partial insensibility, accompanied with heavy pains across the forehead. I suffered intensely at the time; indeed I do not think that I can count many good nights' rest since this exposure to a burning Indian sun.\* With common prudence, thank heaven I have recovered my

\* This insolation of the sun caused me to resign my commission. Little do those who imagine me inergetic know the conflict I have sustained. The great disposer of events may yet, ere I die, restore me a hundred-fold—who knows, dear reader? Avoiding society and its gay pleasures, each rolling year finds me murmuring less and less: aye, far happier and contented.

237 former good health; but, alas! during the years of my suffering I have to regret the loss of many a true and valued friend. A soldier who was resting close by me *under the same tree*, to my horror died in less than half an hour. Two others fell victims immediately on our arrival. Oh, the flood of thoughts that crowded my brain as we laid the poor fellow in the earth! How near his lot had been mine! I had but paused at the entrance of the valley of the shadow of death, while he had entered in and was lost in its gloom. We left him buried like a dog on the roadside, without a stone to mark the spot where he lay,—

“Out off even in the blossom of his sin, Unhousel'd, unanointed, unanneal'd; With all his imperfections on his head.”

## CHAPTER XI.

Can I leave this land of Columbian servitude without a remark on the slave? But I do not know well how to speak of the negro. He, as a rule, is by nature so light-hearted and cheerfully inclined, and yet so extremely lazy, that I sometimes almost think it better not to wish him completely free, but left under a certain salutary surveillance. Becoming his own master, his indolence will ever get the better of him; but under merciful and judicious jurisdiction, he can be made useful to himself and others. I have devoted no small portion of my time, whilst in America, the West Indies, and Africa, to the study of his character, but must confess 239 that it is a problem too deep for me to solve easily.

The black is fond of finery of all kinds, and imitates the white in everything but his industry. When left to himself, he scarce ever becomes rich. The money he earns he spends upon clothes, and he infinitely prefers lounging idly in the cool shade whilst he has but a shilling to save himself from starving.

The women are far more fond of gaudy dress than the men. It is ludicrous in the West Indies to see their Sunday costumes. On week days they look much more like the nigger. When they are divested of their gay apparel, then we see Sambo in his *true colours*—and a strange sight it is to watch his dark form and agile limbs. Unfortunately for them—and, indeed, their employers too, if such they have—their woolly heads are not easily combed, and plaited, and curled, after the various fashions of the white ladies; and consequently much time is lost about it. I 240 understand some of them succeed, by dint of paper and perseverance in obtaining possession of very fair ringlets—at least for them.

The negroes turn out good servants if properly managed; far better and smarter, in my opinion, than the fawning East Indian, though certainly less amiable under harsh treatment. You must not knock about the negro—at least the negro in the West Indies—as you may the other, or you will suffer sorely for it, unless he turns out an exception to his

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race. He is very shrewd, and takes your measure at the instant. Give him no good reason for complaint, however, and you will have no just reason to grumble with him.

They are generally religious, but their religion is sometimes that of the imagination, rather than of the heart. They weep when they hear anything in the sermon or discourse that chimes in with their own passionate feelings, and often when about to receive the sacrament; and I have at times thought these 241 tears spring more from the imagination than the heart. But they are often in earnest, and the best Christians are to be seen amongst them, as I have found when in conversation with them.

I attended a few revival meetings in the West Indies, whither blacks had congregated in large numbers, and heard some of these dusky devotees speak terrifically of themselves and their crimes. There were amongst them those who confessed to murders, adulteries, robberies, and the like, and who spoke enthusiastically of the divine call they had received to turn from their sins. But the end of such rampant, tearing declarations, is, at times, *death in a mad-house*, or a more startling renewal of the sanic vicious practices. A happy medium course, and true Christian patience, are what I recommend to their notice.

As regards the Southern slave-masters, there is much, without doubt, to be said R 242 against them, and also much to be urged in their favour. That they do not always treat their slaves as Christians should, there is little question. They often not only punish them cruelly, but even maltreat those of their own colour who dare to stand forth as advocates of the black race, and decry the slave system. They sometimes not only forget their duty as Christian men, but even the common instincts of humanity, which are indeed the basis of a true and natural religion. But still, when the Southerner is a man of generosity and honour, as is very frequently the case, the negroes under him, in my opinion, are far more secure and comfortable than when left at their own disposal, or in the free employ of their Northern patrons, as experience has shown them in the latter case. The most lamentable feature in the character of the Southern planters is the luxurious indolence to which they are accustomed, and for the enjoyment of which they too often leave 243 the

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unfortunate negroes entirely under the evil eye and inspectorship of a lying, hardhearted overseer. This I esteem to be the grand cause of all the hardships the slaves undergo. The master takes for granted the report of the miscreant go-between, and rewards or punishes accordingly.

Frequently the emancipated nigger grows insolent upon the strength of his elevation to the light of freedom. As an instance of this, I was once staying at an hotel in Baltimore. A young Southern gentleman, who had lost all his property by emancipation, was also residing there. During dinner, a freed negro who attended table removed the bread that the ex-slaveowner was about to eat. The gentleman requested him to bring it back—a request unheard or unheeded (I think the latter, for the negro showed his white teeth derisively). The planter, however, quietly repeated his request, but the other coolly answered that he could not have it; it was R2 244 wanted at another table. This was too much for the man lately accustomed to have his very *look* obeyed; he started up and took the bread from the table, which the negro snatched from his hand! Infuriated at this act of impertinent insolence, the Southerner seized a carving-knife, sprang at the black, and I firmly believe would have murdered him then and there, had not the wretch piteously implored forgiveness in the most abject terms. I must confess, O reader, my feelings for the moment were not of a pleasant nature.

## CHAPTER XII.

Christmas Day! and I a wanderer thousands of miles from home! Ah, what a vision of roast turkeys, mince pies, mistletoe boughs, and cheerful faces rises before my imagination at the mention of Christmas! This is not the first 25th of December that I have spent far from those I love in dear old England. No; on this day, fraught with such dear associations, when the biggest log is piled on the fire, and the oldest cask is broached; when care is driven from men's hearts, and the song, the tale, and the jest ring merrily round the old room at home, an empty chair has marked my place at the table, and my health has been drunk in the toast, “ *To 246 absent friends.* ” I have been absent from those I love best

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on that day, in the West Indies, in Burmah, the Cape of Good Hope, on board ship in the tropics, and in British Honduras. I must confess I felt envious of those who sat round the cheerful, happy hearth at home. The Americans, however, are not people who fail to do honour to the ancient festival. They are up with the dawn, and make and receive gifts and presents on all sides. They do not forget the children; kriskringle and the stocking is as popular here as in many parts at home with us. The children are all life on that day, in the enjoyment of the good things anticipated for many a week before.

New Year's Day is also preserved here as it should be. It is even made more of than in England. Sights and coldnesses are forgotten, and quarrels which have occurred far back in the year—and live to its end—are obliterated from the memory of the offended 247 by a friendly call. Indeed, there is little else but “calling” here on that day. The ladies are assembled, waiting to receive you with sweet smiles and ample provision of rich New Year's cake and wine. Be sure if you ever pay one of those visits to wear your light kids on the occasion, in common with all the visitors of your sex, that every ruffle or wrinkle be erased from your brow, and that you be amiable in the extreme.

In speaking of my work upon the Americans, a friend remarked that mine was not the only shot the Yankees had suffered from. They have long deservedly been the mark of other stray shots, and who shall tell when they will yield to the force of universal hostilities?

I find the Americans are always bargaining about something or other which generally is not worth half the trouble and the time lost. “A penny wise and a pound foolish” is too often their motto; and it is not uncommon to 248 see them lose the ship for the pennyworth of tar. Without traffic, I am quite sure they could not exist. Walking the streets, eating their food—aye, and I am not afraid to say it, in their dreams—they are revolving, as regularly as the quid of tobacco, some commercial transaction or other.

Family affection, family interest, and, as much as they talk about it, “the country's good,” are all inferior in importance to the making of the detested dollar. Indeed, speculation



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and inordinate love of the dollar are perhaps the chief origin of all that is reprehensible in American character, and of all that is pernicious to the country itself. Mammon is, indeed, the Yankee god. It is widely worshipped amongst ourselves, but it is *universally* adored by the Americans. Their short life is devoured by anxiety to clutch and covet what they very often never enjoy; and it is melancholy to see the youth, whose mind ought yet to be fresh and free from guile, 249 hunting and striving after money with as much eagerness as the hoary, tottering wretch on the brink of the grave.

If a man has a mind to go in the direction of New Orleans or Havanna for the purpose of becoming a merchant, he must have great strength of character, and true Christian philosophy also, if he would escape the moral contagion. New Orleans, under General Butler and Federal iron rule, has become worse than it was before, which heaven knows was bad enough. In some respects it is a prosperous city, for it abounds in wealth and gaiety, and has grand commercial means. Some of the residents, however, inform me that it has sadly fallen away since the rebellion, and that its iniquity is now something fearful to reflect upon. Robberies, and even murders, are quite common occurrences. What must we think of the parents who send their sons there, however great may be the worldly prospects that lie before them? What should 250 we think of the parent who would fling a dearest child from Nelson's column? How much worse is it, then, in those who send their sons into such dens of iniquity as New Orleans or Havanna, where his soul is almost sure to fall battered and crushed, till scarcely one feature of God's image remains to be recognized. This is bartering the substance for the shadow; and the devil, I should think, is well pleased "at the way the world wags in those regions."

Between the Yankee shopboy and the genuine London counter-skipper there is a vast difference, which is decidedly in favour of the former—the American being the more spruce of the two.

Some of the Americans and the resident English tell me I should in time become a tobacco-chewer, and that its soothing qualities would overcome my present repugnance.

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I feel sure I should never yield myself a victim to this disgusting habit. Besides 251 its pernicious effects on the constitution, I should have another reason for shunning it: the universal abhorrence of the ladies to the quid would always be a bar to my acquiring the habit.

Dickens is unpopular in America. His works are always read, and, of course, universally admired; but his representations of American society and American manners are considered by them prejudiced and superficial. It is easy to see where the fault lies, for the Americans cannot admire anything that speaks against themselves; and an author, to be popular with them, must not only admire their virtues, but be perfectly blind to their failings.

It is intensely cold, and indeed disagreeable for all outdoor exercise except skating; but I am told that in summer it is entirely different. In town and country a joyous aspect reigns throughout; the sun rises in all its majesty and warmth, the fields are green as 252 emeralds, and some of the shady trees in the cities diffuse an exquisite fragrance. I am sorry I was not in time to enjoy all those delicious treats of nature, for in truth, had I not heard of this on good authority, I should have gone away under the belief that no climate was so intolerable as an American one. I understand that many summer mornings in New York are as transcendently beautiful as those in Italy; but it is allowed that towards midday the heat becomes too intense for true enjoyment. In the South it often becomes so great as to remind one of the Indian hot season.

I hope it will not appear too abrupt here to pass from the subject of nature in America to the war which has so devastated her fair and fruitful plains, and give you an idea upon the melancholy topic. "Now it seems," says an unprejudiced observer, "that both sides are equally to blame: the South for her frightful crimes and past atrocities against 253 human nature, and the North for her more than infernal hypocrisy." I think this war has been sent as a judgment of heaven upon both; and as out of evil often arises good, so a better state of things may come of the present fearful conflagration raging throughout the country. Since the war commenced—however it was before—the South has more on its

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side of that which is calculated to attract general sympathy; they fight for freedom, and are patriotic and entirely disinterested in all their endeavours. The North are not *sincerely* struggling towards the overthrow of slavery, and moreover are mercenary and treacherous to themselves. High and low—in anywise connected with public affairs—think only of self-aggrandizement, and a system of fraud is unblushingly carried out. The government of the country is in the hands of a set of petty lawyers and unprincipled parvenues, who are sedulously endeavouring to make hay whilst the sun shines, and fatten upon the carnival 254 of universal waste and folly. The archminister, Lincoln, is not admired but by his own clique, who form a section of the population large enough, I fear, to destroy their country. Several Southern gentlemen stated to me they well knew war was certain from the moment they heard of Lincoln's election; and they at that time expressed, in the plainest and strongest terms, their entire disapproval of his appointment. They dread his re-election not a little.

I was sorry to find hunting so little in vogue in America. I have seen a few packs of harriers, but for what purpose they were kept I don't know, as it was certainly not for such noble sport as we so much enjoy in old England.

The Red Indians! Poor fellows! I have hitherto abstained from speaking of them, not because the subject lacks interest, but because it is fraught with the deepest melancholy. Driven from land to land, they have 255 boon silently and unmercifully shot down, till their tribes have been in many instances frightfully decimated. They live upon hunting, and have avoided all efforts hitherto to civilize them. At times the unfriendly tribes slaughter a whole village, besides being troublesome, which necessarily brings down upon them terrible retribution from Brother Jonathan. Some of these tribes are allies of either North or South, and have fought for them. They begin now to turn their attention to agriculture, and to use implements incidental to civilization; and last, but not least, the Indians long for the root of all evil—the degrading dollar.

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In regard to their own peculiar pursuits, they are remarkably expert in fishing, and can spear with a dexterity that is truly wonderful. I have seen their plan imitated in British Honduras. I was sailing in a large flat-bottomed schooner in Honduras Sounds, 256 By the captain's orders, a boat was lowered, and away went our skipper, "spear in hand." On our passage, the keen-sighted guide had seen several enormous fish lying beside some wooden piles driven into the bed of the shallow water. In a second his spear was through one of them, upwards of 80 pounds in weight, and excellent in taste. Our captain was not satisfied, and thought he fared badly, killing one fish instead of two. The spear is barbed at the head, and the fish generally receives it in the back of the head. The small fish are killed in the same manner, as I have frequently observed requiring much greater skill.

The Indian women are sometimes very pretty, but their protectors dangerous neighbours. During my stay in British Honduras, I was near having a brush with some of these dear ladies' guardians, when commanding a detachment there. The handful of men I had to make a stand with were not suggestive 257 of much confidence. The copper-coloured pagans, the Red Indians, were much disaffected at the time, and were hanging about us like evil spirits. We sent over our senior officer, an interpreter, and the fort adjutant, to parley with them from head-quarters. They took them prisoners—of course they did! Flags of truce, indeed, with savages! These officers regained their liberty with the greatest difficulty, through the interpreter, who promised no end of gunpowder for their delivery—a promise which, to my certain knowledge, was never fulfilled. They had had a very narrow escape of it. Departing in all the pomp of military assurance, they returned very crestfallen—minus their swords, and anything but thankful to the authorities that sent them.

But, *allons, mes enfants!* Time is short, and life is fleeting, and I must not keep you too long lingering in this land of *tyrannous freedom* and strange incomprehensibilities; so 258 we will once more wend our way to that Yankee elysium of happiness New York, where we shall find the good ship ready to bear us over the bosom of the vast waters to

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our home in the little chalk-cliffed island where Liberty—free, unchained, immortal Liberty—loves to dwell!

Adieu, thou land of misfortune! The ship of thy destiny is stranded on the rocks of ruin, and the waves of destruction already dash over thy shattered deck! How long will it be before thy tobacco-chewing ranters and self-glorifying patriots will have driven her ashore, a hopeless, helpless wreck?

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### MY LOG-BOOK OF OUR HOMEWARD PASSAGE.

The night before I left New York for England, on January 12th, 1864, I enjoyed little or no rest. My anxiety lest I should miss the vessel that was to bear me home prevented sleep, and the hours dragged tediously on, till I imagined the night was as long as that which Jupiter enjoyed in the company of his beloved. But here the comparison ends, for certainly, by all accounts, he was far more pleasantly circumstanced. The screw steamer *Adriatic*, of just 4,000 tons, and 1,000 horse power, belonging to the Galway line, in which I was to cross the wide Atlantic, was to start at precisely 12 A.M., on account of the tide. She was S2 260 anchored off Staten Island, to avoid the masses of broken ice floating about in great quantities, and it was therefore incumbent on all passengers to be aboard by 9 A.M. The tug to convey us, bag and baggage, to the steamer, was the most wretched, crazy dilapidated old boat that any decent first-class passengers ever ventured in. She was so low in the water, and reeled so fearfully to and fro, as to promise every instant to take in as much water as would sink her, with her half-frozen passengers. You should have seen the terror and nervousness that spoke from some of the faces of those enclosed within her leaky sides; and I must confess I was amongst the number who earnestly desired a speedy escape on board the noble craft that stood out ready to receive us; but still I was not so terrified as most of my neighbours, and went about with a spirit of Christian charity, distributing little bits of comfort and assurance where most needed.

On board the tug, one of the sights which most attracted my attention and amused me, was a diminutive monkey, carefully ensconced in a cage on its master's lap, and looking about it timorously, as if it knew the dangers that threatened and encompassed it. Both master and animal thoroughly aroused my sympathy On their behalf, and I for a while forgot self, in a hope that both might be safely and pleasantly situated during the voyage home. I learnt that the little creature had come with its owner from Trinidad.

We quit the detested tug, and are comfortably accommodated on board the magnificent American-built *Adriatic*. For a while, to be sure, all was confusion and noise, and carpet-bags and portmanteaus Were now hid and lost in every nook and corner. Men were running after their wives, and wives after their husbands; daughters after their parents, and boys struggling through the throng to catch hold of their papa's cuffs. Then there was constant 262 running up and down stairs, and peeping into berths, and getting into quarters from which they were speedily ejected—all buzzing like a nest of wasps.

Regularity and order are in some measure restored, bustle and confusion subsides, luggage is stowed away, passengers are shown their marine residences, and the noble vessel in the clear sunlight of a January day stands forth and boldly faces the perils of the fickle sea.

Previously to this, however, a disagreeable scene occurred, in which I took a prominent part. Several days before the sailing of the vessel, I honestly paid for my passage, receiving a receipt entitling me to the upper berth of a certain cabin, but to my surprise I found I was already anticipated. An American stoutly insisted his claims were stronger than my own. He went so far as to declare his right to the entire cabin. I mildly remonstrated with him, and produced my ticket. 263 Unable to persuade my friend of the truth and justice of what I said, I had recourse to the agent—luckily on board—who successfully supported me in getting rid of this cool claimant.

He had not long, departed, when, as I was quietly unpacking my portmanteau, I found a second claimant to my humble couch; this gentleman was extremely troublesome. I once more sought the distracted agent, who —perhaps tired of my importunities—coolly enough told me not to distress him, if I were a gentleman: all would settle down when we were under weigh! By a desperate firmness I was fortunate enough also to dislodge this Yankee.

At St. John's, Newfoundland, passages are engaged for forty. Well! the more the merrier; there's plenty of room for them, and a good reception, if they bring a little stock of cheerfulness to dispel the monotony of the voyage. And now to my task of log-keeping.

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*January 15, 1864.*—Three days have gone by; nothing remarkable has occurred. The days have been fine and sunny, the nights calm and bright; the waters limpid, and without a ruffle. The passengers are all in good temper; none have been sick, and many are giving assurance that they will not be so. The captain—a fine, agreeable fellow—without descending into conviviality, chats gaily and amusingly amongst us all. I can find no better comparison for the ship than a large, floating hotel. I have never taken passage in a steamer that vibrated so little with the working of her machinery; and this I assure you was a great recommendation in my eyes, remembering what I had suffered from this cause on my passage out. She is also admirably ventilated, and entirely free from all disagreeable odours. Though a wooden ship, she does not creak and groan as most of that material do. Unlike the Cunard line, she has a retiring cabin into, which one can escape from the 265 clatter and noise preparatory to meals, and which the ladies cannot entirely monopolize.

*January 16.*—A slight swell, but heavy enough to send a few to bed with suspicious looks. For my own part, I am still all alive, and sometimes persuade myself I am not in any way a sufferer, though I feel much the monotony of sky and water, and am quite oblivious of the terrors that may spring up in an hour. The Admiralty agent—a tall gentle-manlike man,

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whose friendship was a great pleasure to me during the voyage—tells me not to expect all plain-sailing, for at times the good ship rolls and pitches fearfully.

The cabins are decorated with glass panels, on which beautiful and smiling fairy figures look complacently down upon us—figures of women that might cheer and bless us, did they suddenly burst into life, and walk the earth among us. In some panels fruit and flowers are richly represented, but I can 266 not say they pleased me so much as the fair creatures on the others.

Towards the afternoon we were near St. John's, Newfoundland. The snow begins to drift thickly over the sea; the decks are completely covered; the cold is intense, and the atmosphere thick. We are all in expectation of entering St. John's; bets are freely made as to the time we shall arrive. Suddenly the speed of the ship is slackened, and she glides along by the captain's orders at half-power. Notwithstanding his precaution, we are instantly so close to the rocks as not to leave us sufficient time to turn; so we are obliged in a heavy sea to reverse the engines to their utmost to clear the dreadful rocks into which we had run from the haziness of the weather. A strong lee wind has added to our peril. Our ship evidently objects to backing, and labours heavily in her troubles. The ladies are growing afraid; the children are saying, "Mamma, we don't like it." Numbers think 267 she has grounded, and general distrust of the captain sets in. The consternation is greatly increased when suddenly the rudder breaks, and we are drifting helplessly nearer and nearer to the detested rocks. Fortunately for the ship and her living freight, we have a second steerage gear. By the expertness and despatch of the carpenter, it is speedily got into working order, and we once more put out from the treacherous shore, determined no more to risk the lives of so many, or the stout vessel herself. After beating about for many hours, we sailed minus mails or passengers.

Shall I ever forget my feelings of mingled fear and interest when I beheld the cruel white cliffs arising as it were out of the sea, and standing before me within pistol shot: the cold, too, intolerable; and I doubly chilled by inquietude as to the future.



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As to St. John's, they say the inside of the harbour is like a fish-pond, and that the town itself is a wretched-looking place. If the 268 latter, I do not much regret our escape. With the wind south or west, at any season of the year, the fogs are certain to set in, causing much danger along the entire length of the coast. In clear weather, vessels can safely steer within three hundred yards of the Newfoundland coast, so deep is the water. The valuable cod fisheries in this quarter are proverbial

Here I may remark upon the cruel injustice done to this Company by the Government, and the disadvantages under which they labour. Imagine, O reader! the speed is to *average* eleven knots an hour—a knot more than the Cunard line, and one and a half more than the Peninsular and Oriental Company—besides being bound to call and leave or take the mails at such a place as St. John's, where the dangerous coast is ever enveloped in fog. Here's a happy prospect for a *poor* Company! The Postmaster-General insisted on the Newfoundland mails 269 being included. The Company fought bravely against this imposition, but always in vain. The interests of Liverpool and London, have been dead against them, and, as the *Times* newspaper says, they must fail. Two of their vessels have turned out bad purchases, and have had to be reconstructed, but are now so heavy as to be unequal to the speed. As the original Company had St. John's, Newfoundland, included in their contract,, the Postmaster-General insisted on its insertion in the present one, and the directors were compelled to accept such terms. If they took my advice, these gentlemen would speedily get out of a contract impossible to fulfil under the circumstances, and for which, in any case, they are not sufficiently rich to. ensure ultimate success by the purchase of a more powerful class of steamers.

*January 17.*—We arc, considered to be half over the trip home. The mail agent, by way of comfort, or lost we should grow too 270 sanguine, promises to those who stand round him “a heavy gale ere long.” Most seafaring men take a delight in keeping awake the fears of landsmen, and never speak of hurricanes and whirlwinds with such gusto as when some timid passenger ventures to question them.

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It still snows and freezes, and the sea is covered with floating sheet ice thicker than the largest iron plate for the *Northumberland*. Some large pieces have just struck the paddles, and broken off a goodly portion of the floats. The sea runs high, the wind is nearly aft, and the ship rolls so fearfully as to banish all idea of rest. We are going slowly, for we can make but small way through the ice. Many of the passengers are already laid up, and I for one suffer sadly—fearfully. We plod wearily on. There is the same monotonous repetition day after day that will always be found on board ship. How, then, O reader, can I make it interesting? A man must indeed write *currente calamo* who can dissertate at much length on the details of ship-life. For me the ocean has no charms, and I am free to confess

The sea, the sea, the open sea, Though fresh and blue, hath no charm for me.

The steward, as usual, called upon me this morning with coffee. I should have felt much more thankful to him if he had not nudged me so tremendously in the side. I would far rather have lost my coffee than have been so disagreeably aroused.

*January 18.*—To-day the ship rolls more and more, and everything in my cabin is sliding about as if on wheels. The door of my marine prison bangs repeatedly, and this morning sent the coffee—hot, black, and smoking—all over me. A clergyman from Canada, with his wife and daughter, are all very ill—the lady dangerously so, and the husband in a state far too serious for him to assist or help her. Before I left my cabin for good, I was wellnigh paying dearly for my elevation, being pitched head-foremost into one of the basins that was fixed up, as the Yankees say, beneath me. Indeed, everything is “fixed up” in America. The barber will soon fix up your chin with a razor, if you'll sit down for an instant; or the cook will quickly fix you up a steak for your lunch; the tailor won't be long ere he fixes up your coat; and, if you wish it, the parson won't be long ere he fixes you up with your wife.

I remember once, when on board a paddleship in the Bay of Bengal, a storm arose that threatened to: send us all to the bottom. The monsoon was raging; the billows were mountains high; the pumps were working; the water was bulging into our hold; the fires were extinguished, and we were gradually sinking to a watery grave. Men were preparing for their latter end; women fell afainting; the sailors were looking glum—the captain despairing; and I—I, dear reader, 273 in a listless spirit of indifference, hardly knowing what I did, went to my cabin, and donned my gayest garments and finest linen. My brother officers were illnatured enough to say that I wished to go decently down to the mermaids and fishes, “dressed as a gentleman.”

*January 19.*—The weather is heavier than heretofore. The sky looks wild, and the good ship bounds and creaks beneath the lash of the angry waters. On, far as you can see, the merciless waves seem to lash the clouds that scud angrily to and fro, and then to collect all their wrath as they bear down upon us. The incessant tumbling of the ship, when in the cabin below, cannot possibly be imagined, nor can I, who experienced it, describe it. Imagine yourself shut up in a small square wooden cupboard, scarce large enough for a bath, partially darkened, and half filled with trunks, hat-cases, carpet-bags, clothing, &c., &c., impregnated with a variety of unaccountable odours; add an incessant T 274 vibration, and an audible groaning of every inch of timber around you; let everything in the room be tumbling about in chase after each other—jugs, basins, tumblers, and other small articles jostling together; picture this conglomeration of miseries to yourself, and imagine the whole turned upside-down, and then you will know what I suffered, and perhaps compassionate my state. Waking in the morning—if you sleep at all—with a very indistinct idea as to which part of the cabin is in reality the floor, before you can decide the question you are generally turned over, and your thoughts set to work in another direction.

Though not exactly seasick myself, still I suffered from a disagreeable confused sensation almost as bad—a sensation that was not a little kept up and increased by my proximity to

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one who was dreadfully ill, and who groaned so much that he almost made me think I was a partner in his distresses.

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Here, as in all the first-class steamers, each petty officer and seaman is appointed a certain duty to perform in case of fire, and, lest they should forget, the crew is exercised occasionally. This exercise, however necessary for the ship's safety, and wise the precautions that suggested it, was one not calculated to cool the fears or soothe the weakened minds of the depressed passengers; and I, for one, was often reminded of fire, and found myself stealthily sneaking about in different corners of the vessel in search of imaginary flames.

With the officers on board there was no fault to be found. They each performed willingly and actively the work delegated to them, and were kind and considerate to the timorous and sometimes troublesome passengers.

The stewardess (one of the best women alive) was a regular trump, and an especial favourite with me; and she dealt consolation on every side of her. In case of fire, she was ordered in the placard to allay the fears of the T2 276 ladies, and to prevent confusion below. Of course she has no fears or feelings herself, or she would never have been appointed to so high and mighty a mission! So cheerful a body I never met. I do not think if the ship had foundered, or burnt to the water's edge, she would have lost her serenity, or lost sight of the ladies under her charge.

If all goes well, we are told we shall be once more on *terra firma* in five days. I hope when next we follow the beautiful prayer of the Litany, "For all that travel by land or by water," &c., that we shall none of us forget our poor friends in the *Adriatic*, and how much they always stand in need of our prayers to Almighty God, who alone can still the raging of the seas.

We find our bow terribly damaged by the ice—so much so as to cause a serious leakage. We fear greater injury if we drive her, and slacken our speed. Indeed we have not a ton to spare from our coal-bunks for the effort.

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*January 19.*—Thank God, the wind has changed, and we make a very good run. The sea is yet fearfully high, and we are running before it. Waves mountains high are chasing each other like sea monsters at our stern, and it is as much as they can do to pass us. “We are going,” as the Yankees say, “rather smart ahead.”

It is now 4 P.M. I converse with a lean-looking Yankee on deck, to whom I remark, “I think the wind has died away.” “Well, neighbour,” he replies, “I guess it has pretty well blown itself out by this time.”

I pass below, and sit down on one of the little velvet perches or forms in our lower saloon, resembling a drawing-room on the stage. I should not be surprised to see fairylike forms at any moment glide through some of the fantastic little doorways. I myself am wondering why I am not as happy as my fairy friends around me. At this moment I am in danger of being suddenly pitched into the lap 278 of one of them—a brown, delicately limbed, and symmetrically bosomed creature, whose infinite charms are by no means too cautiously concealed by an over-display of drapery. From indistinct lines below she represents “America.” A bow is in her hand, from which she has just discharged an arrow at a head lying at her feet. The lines beneath are expressive of regret that Americanus has robbed Columbus of the glory of having so vast and beautiful a continent named after him.

We are all gladdened by the sight of a large steamer coming up in our wake. I say gladdened; for, reader, if you have never made a long voyage, you little know the sensation of utter loneliness one feels when far away at sea. There is a terrible solitude about the “vasty deep” that speaks to the heart of man, and we all rejoice to see a fellow-wanderer. Every eye is intent upon the stranger. She is bound our route, and 279 we

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speedily make her number from the several flags—the *Persia*, of the Cunard line. And now what bustle on board our ship! for the vessel is a rival, and Ireland is her destination. Talk about the excitement of half a dozen horses galloping over the smooth turf—the anxiety depicted in men's countenances when the Oxford eight passes the Cambridge crew at Putney Reach—the rising hopes and fears of those who watch the *Arrow* glide ahead of the *Snake* in Cowes Bay,—what are these compared to the grandeur of our struggle? Our steeds are huge monster ships — our course the countless billows of the pathless deep! On! on! Pile up the engine fires! spread every stitch of canvas! keep the wheel well under, and away, away!

On we speed—the bows of our ship dashing the spray like milky fountains on either side; the paddles whirling round in wild velocity, and lashing the waves to white foam. 280 On, on! leaving a whirling track behind us, o'er the eddying billows! Sailors and crew, all equally anxious—excitement lightening every eye. Will she pass us? We turn to the captain. He points sadly to the dents the cruel ice has made in our bows, and mutters something about damaged boilers and broken engines. Alas! it is too true. Crippled—hopelessly crippled, we must be beaten. It is all over. Our victor steams proudly by us, as our hearts, sink in defeat! Many a deep imprecation comes from the mouths of our rough sailors, and one brave tar, with a deep sigh, mutters, “I'd rather have lost a month's pay than have let her pass us!”

Our captain informs us that the commander, of our opponent (Captain Edward G. Lott) is completing his 300th trip across the Atlantic. He was honoured with a complimentary public dinner in New York on the event, at which many distinguished 281 citizens were present who had crossed the ocean in company with him. Noble fellow!

Surely our steward has been all his life a bird-fancier—at least, so I thought when I came on board. He must have a mania for rearing canaries, and fancies by a kind of mental aberration that we are ornithological specimens on our way to grace some aviary. For, lo, he has supplied us with divers perches—benches the sailors call them, I suppose to

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humour him—and little tin trays for our seed. Day after day I instinctively peer into mine to see whether it is filled with chickweed or groundsel for my diurnal consumption; but no, nothing is there. At last I discover its purpose. This little tin tray is intended for the use of those poor sufferers who are paying Neptune's forfeit, and are stricken with the plague of plagues—seasickness. Take it down! hide it! away with it! for the sight of it alone is loathsome.

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How much the comfort of a voyage depends upon one's fellow-travellers! Thank Providence, my companions on this occasion are ordinary men and women. We have no demonstrative politicians, no recalcitrant refugees, no *clever* ladies or strong-minded females, no precocious children, no egotistical philanthropist to ride one to death on his allengrossing hobby, no genius to read us unpublished manuscripts, no statist to prove impossibilities by sums and figures whose array is as formidable as the roll of an Egyptian mummy; in fact, none of the mental monstrosities with which man inflicts mankind. True, we have a few genial Frenchmen, who rejoice much in white waist-coats and energetic smalltalk; one or two Americans, who believe America to be the first nation in the world, and Europe dependent on her; and a host of human incomprehensibilities who rather amuse than annoy us. On the whole, we are as homely, cheerful, 283 ful, pleasant a party as business or pleasure could have called together.

*January 20.*—A head-wind dead against us; sea rough; passengers weary. Disconsolate old gentleman vainly trying to steady himself by the cabin table. Glasses and moveables dancing intricate reels on the polished sideboard. Bravely and heavily ploughing over the deep, goes the good ship *Adriatic*. How many a weary passenger prays “God speed her!” The monkey breaks loose, to the terrible consternation of feeble-minded children and nurse-girls; he conducts himself, however, in a very gentlemanly manner, and reaps a rich harvest of nuts and plums, which he evidently enjoys. Poor Jacko's lot is not all decked

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with flowers, for enemies rise up and tease him shamefully, and I am sorry to say my love of mischief has gained me the title of chief tormentor.

*January 21.*—Hurrah! the wind has come 284 aft, and all hands are engaged in the setting of sail. All is activity and bustle, for we are nearing home. Short as our voyage has been, we feel that interest in the ship that bears us, that she has become endeared to us, and now doubly so. How truly can we echo the words of Longfellow—that brightest flower in the garden of American literature—and say,

“Fear not each sudden sound and shock: 'Tis of the wave, and not the rock; 'Tis but the flapping of the sail, And not a rent made by the gale! In spite of rock, and tempest's roar, In spite of false lights from the shore, Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea! Our hopes, our hearts, are all with thee. Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears, Our faith, triumphant o'er our fears, Are all with thee!”

*January 22*—Many may tell us of the beauties of the sea. I must confess that in me the bump of marine admiration—if such there be in phrenology—is sadly limited. I cannot say with my favourite poet,

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“Ah! what pleasant visions haunt me As I gaze upon the sea! All the old romantic legends, All my dreams come back to me, Till my soul is full of longing; For the secret of the sea, And the heart of the great ocean Sends a thrilling pulse through me.”

I cannot utter his sentiments as I gaze upon the murky waves and the leaden sky. To me it is a dull, boundless expanse of dreariness, and my sense of its enjoyment is by no means ameliorated by a vigorous smell of pitch and tar, hot steam, and other such nautical odours. Then I look at the sullen billows, and I picture to myself the mother watching over her child, waiting, God knows how wearily, for the return of her mariner husband; and I say,



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“What tale do the roaring ocean, And the night wind, bleak and wild, As they beat at the crazy casement, Tell to that little child? 286 And why do the roaring ocean, And the night wind, wild and bleak, As they beat on the heart of the mother, Dim the colour from her cheek?”

Yes, fair readers, the sea is not all skyblue, with azure heavens, and milk white sails, and flaunting streamers in the breeze. Death rides more often on the waves than joy; and the bleak, pitiless storm cares little for “fairy barks” and “silken sails.”

*January 28.*—“Land ahead!” Oh, what joy thrills through us on nearing the longed-for shore! All faces are lit up with pleased excitement. One earnest clergyman bade us fall down on our knees, and thank a gracious God for our safe return. I, for one, know that I never more sincerely gave thanksgiving.

Once more I find myself on *terra firma*, and with buoyant spirits and elastic steps hurriedly make my way to the station, *en route* for merry England, inspirited not a 287 little by my safe return from Yankee soil, Yankee *liberty* and Yankee institutions.

And now, in conclusion (how that reminds one of seventhly, and lastly!), let me observe that I owe the Americans no illwill. I have attempted to use the blade of my sarcasm as a surgeon would his lancet—to heal rather than to wound.

If I should have galled any one's feelings, no one would regret more than I having made my “Stray Shot at the Yankees.”

THE END.

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